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THE FREEMAN

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JAMES STEWARD, ESQ.

MACHINIST AND FOUNDRYMAN.

A Few Lessons From the Life of Homeless Youth---Who Has Risen to Eminence and a Competency, Geneology.

Written Expressly for The Freeman.

In seeking to present to your readers a brief sketch of the life of the man whose name heads this article, and whose cut appears elsewhere in the paper, it is my desire that they shall be early forewarned that they are not to be invited to look upon the extraordinary, the dazzling, or the brilliant, but rather upon the ordinary, and the commonplace.

The lives of those who illlustrate the general rules of life, and peform the part of the great majority may not be as attractive as the lives of those which illustrate the exceptions; but I opine, they are not less instructive, or less profitable. The enthusiasm which their recital kindles may not be so fervent, but it is probable that it will be wider spread, more rational, and in the end, less disappointing.

The subject of this sketch, belongs to the ordinary, as does the individual oak in the forest; but he represents a class of the more useful, and therefore the most respectable of our fellow citizens; and may be taken as a fair specimen of his class.

Born in the State of New Jersey, dow "in the pines," about three-quarters of a century ago, and reared as an orphan, he has passed through the rough side of life. Knowing not a single relative, from the days of his childhood, the grit that was in him was compelled to assert itself quite early.

Dropped in the county poor house—bound out by the overseers of the poor—treated so badly by his first master that the rude magistrate of those days released him from this legalized slavery—abandoned by his mother, although (to her credit be it said), her intentions were to provide for him thoroughly,—an intention which she carried out so far as to secure for him a quite favorable home—he grew up, as we must admit, under conditions less favorable than those of the average American boy.

The family in which he found a home was poor, and he was reared without schooling; passing his time generally at hard labor.

At fifteen, he entered the employ of the proprietors of the Cumberland Nail and Iron Works as an apprentice in the blacksmith's shop. Not liking this work, and manifesting a fondness for the more complex operations of the mill, he finally obtained leave to take a place among the operatives in a subordinate position. Here, although the hands were generally white, and he colored, yet such was his natural quickness to learn the methods, and so upright and manly was his general bearing, that he was advanced from place to place until all thoughts of his color seems to have passed entirely away.

Reaching the position of foreman of the rolling mill, he held this position to the satisfaction of the company, and the general satisfaction of the hands, for about thirty years, and finally retired from the company's service after having worked there altogethor over fifty years.

During his time of foremanship, the works passed through their best days, and the Cumberland nail enjoyed the reputation of being the best nail produced on this continent, ruling the market throughout the country.

At the time when he left the service of the company there were few men in the country, indeed, more thoroughly acquainted with the details of nail and gas pipe making than he; having grown up with the business from its infancy, and watched with an intelligent eye all its developments.

He still lives in a comfortable home, the result of his own earnings; honored and respected in the community in which he lives, and quite probably, as grand juryman of the county, has inspected the very alms house from which he was bound out.

He has reared and educated a family of three sons and three daughters. All the daugthers are honorably married and comfortably situated. One is Mrs. Alice S. Felts, whose name has been mentioned in your journal among the literary women of the country.

Of the sons, the oldest has received considerable attention as a poet and fiction writer, and also as a paragrapher for newspapers. He has held the position of city editor on a daily paper for years. At present he is managing clerk of a white company store. The youngest son is a successful carpenter and builder, and the middle son is known doubtless to some of your readers as

T. G. STEWARD.

Baltimore, Md.

Rt. REV. BENJAMIN W. ARNETT,
Of Ohio.

TIME AND TIDE.

When the Day and the Tides Begin ---Why the Old World Takes Precedence.

Portland Oregonian.

Where does the day begin? Our Eastern States got the New Year before we did, Europe got it before they did, and Asia got it before Europe did. It must have begun, then, at some point in the Pacific ocean between the west coast of America and the east coast of Asia. But, as the circle of the year is without beginning or end, except as men have agreed in relation thereto for their own convenience, one part of the globe might in the abstract claim the beginning of the day or of the year as well as another part. By common consent, however, calculation of the beginning of the day gives the beginning to the old world, for the day was fixed before the new world was known, and as the earth revolves on its axis from west to east, time in the journey toward the west fell behind fixed time. As geography became known it was obvious that Asia got the day before Europe got it, just as America got it after Europe got it; and so the beginning of the day has been pushed out from the Pacific shore of the Eastern hemisphere and beyond its lands isinto the Pacific ocean. But suppose America had been the older world; suppose that civilization had had its origin here, that computation of time had been established, and discoverers, sailing from America, had found the other hemisphere as this one was found by discoveres from Europe, the Atlantic coast of Europe would be the last part of the globe to see the day and the year, just as the Pacific coast of America is now the last part of the globe to see them.

Where do the tides begin? This is a question solely of physical fact—not depending in any way on human history They appear to begin in the largest stretch of open sea on the globe—the southwest Pacific ocean—whence they are propagated in all directions, subject however, to complications and irregularities arising from the distribution of land upon the globe and from the configuration of the bottom of the sea.

ODD HAPPENINGS.

It is said that Charleston has improved greatly in general appearance since the earthquake necessitated rebuilding.

Sydney, Australia, is having an organ built in London, which is said will be the largest in the world, costing $75,000.

A club in Tennessee which meets once a week to play checkers has taken the name of "The Seacoast Fishing and Shooting Club."

There is a good field for missionaries at Tuecumbia, Miller county, Mo., where there has not been a church building of any kind in forty years.

A Ulysses, Neb., man has built the "largest corn crib on earth." It is 460 feet long, 42 feet wide and 12 feet high, and holds 25,000 bushels.

A number of plants have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, whose flowers are almost a yard in diameter, the petals, five in number, being oval and of a creamy-white color.

THE NEGRO CHURCHMEN.

What is Being Done by Our "Brethren of The Cloth."

St. Thomas church, Chicago has a new reed organ.

⁂

The trustees of Wylie avenue A. M. E. church of Pittsburg, Pa., have offered to sell the church property for $20,000.

⁂

The Christain Recorder has secured its own press and is now doing its own work entirely. Congratulations are in order.

⁂

Rev. E. M. Brawley D. D., ex-president of Selma University, is missionary and financial agent for the State of Tennessee.

⁂

Rev. S. N. Brown, of Mt. Zion church, Cleveland, O., has received a "call" from a Washington, D. C., church and it is understood will accept it.

⁂

J. Thomas Jackson of Athens has closed his business, and will leave in a few years for Africa as missionary under the auspices of American Missionary Association.

⁂

The officials of the Metropolitan A. M. E. church have tendered the use of their church for the sittings of the National Press Convention which will be held in Washington March 6.

⁂

A committee representing the Liberty Baptist church, of Washington, D. C., are directing their efforts toward establishing a home for aged colored persons of the District. Mrs. Catherine Plummer heads the council.

⁂

Rev. R. A. Johnson of Cleveland, O., has worked very hard in efforts to reduce the indebtedness resting upon St. John's Church, that city. In recognition of his valuable services, and since he has been in somewhat poor health, the church has voted him a two weeks vacation.

⁂

Chas. Goode of Cleveland, sued the Shiloh Baptist church of that city, for $1 50 which he claimed the church owed him, and won the suit. The cost of the suit amounted to $17.46 and will swell the debt of the church to $18.96.

⁂

St. Paul's A. M. E. church, of Melrose, Pa., has been saved from a mortgage foreclosure through the efforts of its pastor, Rev. J. W. Stevenson, who besides bending his energies to the task of raising the money for the debt waived for the time being, his claims to any salary.

⁂

The Rev. Edmund Harris of Augusta, Ga., ex-member of the Legislature, is being tried for complicity in the assassination of his daughter Martha Harris. The trial is sensational in every respect and developments reflecting seriously upon the defendant are resulting from the trial.

The Largest Gold Mines in the World.

Harper's Magazine.

At Lead City, near Deadwood, Lawrence County, are located the largest gold mines and mills in the world—the "Homestake." The ore bodies mined by this company show a working face from 200 to 400 feet wide, sinking to an inexhaustible depth. Six hundred stamps, crushing 20,000 cubic feet of rock every twenty-four hours, drop incessantly, day and night, in the mills without an intermission even for the Sabbath. During the ten years in which the mines of the Homestake combination have been operated they have produced about $25,000,000 in bullion, and paid over $6,000,000 in dividends to stockholders.

PERSONAL

Mr. E. G. Walker has been elected President of the Boston National League.

—

E. H. Morris, Esq., Chicago, is being pushed for a canal commissionership of Illinois.

—

Mr. H. W. Rolfe has become editor of the American Citizen, published at Topeka, Kansas.

—

Mr. George B. Hewlett is foreman of the mechanical department of the Washington People's Advocate.

—

Hon. John M. Langston has been invited to deliver the address of welcome at the opening of the Press Convention.

—

Rev. W. B. Johnson, of Washington, has been honored with the title of D. D., conferred recently by the Kentucky State University.

—

Dr. and Mrs R. Conrad, of Louisville, Ky., celebrated their silver wedding last Saturday. The presents were numerous, unique and valuable.

—

R. W. Bailey is said to be the wealthiest colored man at Long Branch. He was formerly a resident of New York City, and is doing well.

—

Mr. Robert Cawood, son of Dr. J. C. Cawood, of Dandridge, Tenn., was recently admitted to the bar of the Criminal Court of Knoxville.

—

Mr. Warren Logan, Treasurer of Tuskegee Normal School, and Miss Adella Hunt, former lady Principal at the school, were united in marriage recently.

—

Prof. J. L. Champ, of Parkersburg, W. Va., died a few days ago, leaving a host of sorrowing friends. He was one of West Virginia's most valued educators.

—

Mr. D. H. Belcher, formerly a prominent hardware merchant of Wellsbero, Penn., has bought desirable property at Knoxville, Tenn., and moved his business to that place.

—

Mr. Hope W. Dennis, one of New Orleans' enterprising citizens, was recently chosen President of the Cotton Yard Mens' Benevolent Association of Louisiana.

—

Lawyer T. McCants Stewart, of New York, covered himself with glory by his able management of the famous Bush will case. He is being congratulated on all sides by men whose opinions are valuable.

—

Mr. Wilson Dickerson and Miss Mamie E. Sublett, of Louisville, were quietly married, Thursday of last week. Miss S. is one of the head assistants in the Western School, of which W. T. Peyton is principal.

—

Mr. B. T. Harvey, one of the first graduates of Tuskegee University, is editing the Columbus (Ga.) Messenger, the only daily journal published by a colored man in this country.

—

The marriage of Mr. Richard Eaves and Miss Fannie Harris took place Thursday of last week at noon, at the Church of St. Chrysostom, New York City. The bridal party left for the West Indies immediately after the ceremony.

—

"Bert Islew" (Lillian Alberta Lewis) whose portrait, accompanied by a brief sketch of her journalistic career, appeared in the New York Journal last week, has written a short story for the Boston Advocate, entitled "For Duty or For Love."

A new scheme for harbor defence is soon to be tried. Perforated iron pipes will be sunk in the water, and through them petroleum will be forced. In this way a fierce stream of blazing oil could be sent down on an enemy's fleet to drive it away. Iron vessels could not pass through this line of fire, because it could be made to extend many miles along the river.

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest f the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

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TO AGENTS.

Agents for The Freeman must report regularly each week, stating plainly just how many copies they want. We have now nearly 300 active agents, most of whom are rapidly increasing their orders. Write often and plainly.

Among the many good things which will appear in early numbers of The Freeman are portraits and sketches of Hon. H. P. Cheatham, Congressman-elect of North Carolina; H. O. Flipper, the first colored graduate of West Point; and "My Art Room," by a colored artist

NOW IS THE TIME.

Send fifty cents to The Freeman and receive the numbers which will contain "Colored Men of Letters." "The Colored Prima Domas of America," "Our Literary Women," "The Colored Poets."

The illustrations of The Freeman are more than worth the subscription price. Subscribe for it and learn what the Negro has done and is doing.

THE United States Supreme Court the other day decided that a State government had the constitutional right to enact laws requiring physicians practising within its borders to produce certificates of ability. A law of West Virginia requires a practitioner of medicine in the State to procure from the State Board of Health a certificate that he is a graduate of some reputable medical college, or has practised in the State ten years previous to the passage of the act regulating the practice. One Dr. Dent objected to this law on the ground that it abridged his ri ht as a citizen. But the Supreme Court upholds the State in thus looking after the interests of its citizens in protecting them from quacks and Æsculapian fledglings.

THE stiff hat will have to go. Mr. Eaton, in Popular Science Monthly, is followed by Prof. Mills, of McGill University, and several more professors, in assuring us that baldness is largely due to the use of stiff hats that compress the arteries that supply blood to the head. Below the line of pressure the hair remains; above it the hair goes. The logic is not quite satisfactory; but a hard hat is a relic of barbarism, and ought to go on other grounds. Besides, it not so much the loss of hair that troubles us, but damage done to the brain, to the circulatory system, and consequently to the whole nervous system. Baldness is a protest of nature against abusing the brain underneath. If hats do part of the damage, as they doubtless do, then let them be made after a sensible model.

IT is impossible to overestimate the popular value of recent researches into the true nature and proper protection against consumption. The pitiful helplessness that we have exhibited in the face of a disease that has plucked so many victims is now displaced by a bolder front. Dr. Chapin, to whom was awarded the $200 prize, tells us there is now no question but consumption is contagious. His rules of prevention are to teach the people that no one can have tubercular consumption without tubercle bacilli find their way into the lungs; nor then, unless conditions are favorable. Unfavorable conditions for their development are caused by sanitary food, pure air, plenty of exercise and warm clean clothes. Disinfection must be attended to, to destroy the poison in the spectum of the patient, and persons predisposed to the disease, as well as all children, must be kept aloof from the sick.

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THE PROGRESS IN MUSIC.

An Instrument of Some Kind in Every Home.

Indianapolis Journal.

The growth of musical culture in this country, in the past twenty years, has been as rapid as that of any other art or industry. The grade or class of music has not only been advanced, but the general musical education has been brought out as a necessary branch of one's development intellectually. There are few children, who enjoy the benefits of the public schools, that can not sing the do-ra-me, and understandingly, and while many of them do not become proficient, either as singers or instrumentalists, they can listen to a musical number and appreciate it. The language of the lines and spaces is as familiar to those whose education has been commenced within the past decade as that of any other study. The luxuries of the past have became the necessities of today in the line of musical instruments. Pianos, which were only possessed by the wealthy or well-to-do, are now considered an article of household furniture which none but the very poorest can do without, but churches and Sunday schools have them as their only voice accompaniment. Lodges are furnished with pianos and organs, and in many of these places large sums of money are spent for handsome pipe organs, and skilled organists and singers furnish music for the rites of the societies. The dancing master who taught the art of Terpsichore to the scrape of a violin, meanwhile performing the steps for his class, has now a piano in his hall, and an accomplished player, who, to the airs of the latest music, keeps time for the dancers. The attractions of the saloon are increased by the presence of a musical instrument, played upon by some one whose forte or ambition aspires to no higher plane.

The piano has been the most popular instrument, probably, for two reasons. First, that it requires the least effort to produce a sound, and next because it is always ready for the player, not requiring tuning or adjustment as most instruments do before using. The question of its not being in tune, always, does not strike the non-sensitive ear possessed of no particular cultivation of sounds, and often the listener will enjoy a piece, well played, even on a piano badly out of tune, when exactly the same tones from a violin would almost produce a nervous chill. The felt-covered hammers of the piano falling on the wires soften and harmonize a discordant vibration as the hairs of a bow cannot. The study of the piano is so general that it is estimated that there are nearly, if not quite, 100 persons in this city and vicinity who make all or part of their living teaching this instrument. They range from the master who can command from $1.50 to $2 an hour for instruction, to the pupil's pupil, who will give an hour lesson for 25c. Some of these latter prices are asked by teachers who, by giving a few lessons each week, can earn enough to pay for instruction for themselves. In the large Eastern and a few Western cities, like Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis or Denver, there are teachers who ask some $5 or $6 for half or three-quarter-hour lessons, but Indianapolis teachers have never been able to get more than $1.50 for piano or $2.50 for voice teaching. It is doubtful if any one is capable of taking instruction enough, even in an hour, to recompense them for an outlay of $5 or $6: but, like many other things, the price is regulated by the law of supply and demand. It is not the high or even the moderately high-priced teachers that are the most numerous however. It is the teacher who asks 50c a lesson or will give three lessons for $1. Some of this latter class will have from ten to twenty pupils. A few of these are entirely dependent upon their own exertions, but the majority will be found to be young women who have homes and desire to earn some money on their own account. Besides these two classes there is one, which is small, indeed, and belongs only to the femenine teachers. They are those who have to teach, and so with the first ambition to make a name and position, and the matter of dollars and cents is secondary. With men it is like other lines of business. They expect to make it their life work, but with women it is more often simply a transition from school girl do-nothingness to wifehood, when the burden of expense will be borne by some one else.

The violin is rapidly becoming a popular instrument of music. While it has always been a favorite, it is only within recent years that so many young children have been initiated into its intricacies. It is called the only perfect instrument, because of the perfection of tone which may be brought from it. It takes the bow in the hands of a skilled violinist to secure this perfection, however, for in the hands untrained it is an instrument of torture to those within hearing distance. The makers of musical instruments are almost as numerous as the sellers, for nearly every dealer has one named for him or for the firm. There are factories where pianos are made, and any one can have any name put upon them. The standard makes will always hold their own and command good prices, and it is only the cheaper makes that bear the names comparatively unknown. The manufacture of new makes is increasing all the time, and musicians are looking for some great improvement, but what the improvement will be future years will have to determine.

The Word "Damn" Defended.

London Truth.

Mrs. Sarah Austin tells us in her recently published "Memoirs" that she was greatly exercised as to whether she was justified in retaining the word "damn" in the recital of a story of Lord Jeffry and Mr. Sydney Smith, Lord Lyttelton and others protested, it would seem, against it, and Lady Holland suggested the substitution of the word "hang" Now, why? To "damn" is to condemn; to be "damned" is to be condemned, while to hang is to execute a condemnation, and to be "hanged" is to die in consequence of a condemnation. What, then, can be the difference whether Lord Jeffry "damned" the north pole, or whether he expressed a wish that this meteorological point should be hanged? It is held that to desire that the north pole, or a chair or a horse or a wife or anything or any one else should be damned, is to swear, whereas to express the desire that a thing or a person should be hanged is not. As a matter of fact, the use of neither of these expressions involve swearing. They are mere foolish utterances by which the person using them wishes to convey the notion that he is displeased with the thing or the person against which either is leveled. "Damn" may be coarse and vulgar, for verbal coarseness or vulgarity is conventional. I am not quite sure, however, that the expression of a wish that the north pole may be condemned is not a good deal more reasonable than that it should be hanged. Be this, however, as it may, I entirely deny that damning is swearing.

Stanley's Labors on the Congo.

St. Nicholas.

A railroad has been planned to carry freight around the cataracts. Soon, trading-stations will be scattered along the five thousand miles of navigable waters of the great river. Stanley found a vast country that had no owner. The river drains a region containing more than a hundred square miles, much of which is well peopled. The Congo Free State, founded by Stanley's friend, Leopold II., King of the Belgians, lies chiefly south of the great bend of the river, and contains an area of one million five hundred and eight thousand square miles; its population is more than forty-two millions. The articles collected from the African trade are ivory, palm-oil, gum-copal, rubber, bees-wax, cabinet woods, hippopotamus teeth and hides, monkey skins, and divers other things. These are bought with goods, such as colored beads, brass and copper wire, cotton cloth, cutlery, guns, ammunition, and a great variety of articles known as "notions" or "trade goods."' The basis of all buying and selling in the Congo Free State is free trade; all notions that participated in the Berlin Congo Conference have right to trade and barter and establish posts within the boundaries of that territory, vast and rich, made accessible through the labors of Stanley.

Origin of the Shot-Tower.

New York Graphic.

There was a mechanic in Bristol, England, whose name was Watts, by trade a shot-maker. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them out into sheets of thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he rolled in a revolving barrel until the corners were worn off from the constant friction. Watts, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the ale house, went home and turned into bed. He dreamed that he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead polished and shining, fell at his feet. In the morning when Watts arose he remembered his dream, and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the church of St. Mary of Redcliff and dropped it into the mote below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handsful of perfect shot, far superior to any he had ever seen. Watts fortune was made. He had conceived the idea of the shot-tower.

Two Billiard Balls in His Mouth.

Harrisburg Telegraph.

A Dickinson College student the other day, in a spirit of braggadocio, made a bet of $5 with another young man that he could put two regulation billiard balls in his mouth at one time. He accomplished the feat, and is now a sadder but wiser person. The balls stuck in his mouth, and all efforts to dislodge the same proved futile, until finally an M. D. was called in, who, in order to get them out, was compelled to cut a slit in his mouth on each side. The other fellow paid the bet.

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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

JOYFULNESS THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

No Room for Sorrow in a Regenerated Heart—Pardon and Peace Linked With the Sinner's Triumph.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached at the Brooklyn tabernacle last Sunday. Text: Luke xv., 23. After a few opening remarks he said:

First of all, there is the new convert's joy. It is no tame thing to become a Christian. The most tremendous moment in a man's life is when he surrenders himself to God. The grandest time on the father's homestead is when the boy comes back.

You have seen, perhaps, a man running for his physical liberty and the officers of the law after him, and you saw him escape, or afterward you heard the Judge had pardoned him, and how great was the glee of that rescued man; but it is a very tame thing that, compared with running for one's everlasting life—the terrors of the law after him, but Christ coming in to pardon and bless, rescue and save. You remember John Bunyan, in his great story, tells how the pilgrim put his fingers in his ears and ran, crying, "Life, life, eternal life!" A poor car-driver in this city some years ago, after he had a struggle to support his family, suddenly was informed that a large inheritance was his, and there was joy amounting to bewilderment, but that is a small thing compared with the experience of one when he has put in his hands the title-deed to the joys, the raptures, the splendors of heaven.

Oh, it is no tame thing to become a Christian. It is a merry making. It is the killing of the fatted calf. It is jubilee. You know the Bible never compares it to a funeral, but always compares it to something bright. It is more apt to be compared to a banquet than anything else. It is compared in in the Bible to the water—bright, flashing water; to the morning, ro eate, fireworked, mountain-transfigured morning. I wish I could to day take all the Bible expressions about pardon and peace and life and comfort and hope and heaven, and twist them into one garland, and put it on the brow of the humblest child of God in this assemblage, and cry: "Wear it, wear it now, wear it forever, son of God, daughter of the Lord God Almighty." Oh, the joy of the new convert! Oh, the gladness of the Christian service!

Just pass over from those tame joys in which you are indulging—joys of this world—into the raptures of the Gospel. The world can not satisfy you; you have found that out—Alexander longing for other worlds to conquer, and yet drowned in his own bottle. Byron whipped by disquietudes around the world; Voltaire cursing his own soul while all the streets of Paris were applauding him; Henry II, consuming with hatred against poor Thomas a Becket all illustrations of the fact that this world cannot make a man happy. The very man who poisoned the pommel of the saddle on which Queen Elizabeth rode shouted in the street, "God save the Queen!" One moment the world applauds and the next moment the world anathematizes. Oh, come over into this greater joy, this sublime solace, this magnificent beatitude

Oh, it is a great religion to live by, and it is a great religion to die by. There is only one heart throb between you and that religion this morning. Just look into the face of your pardoning God and surrender yourself for time and for eternity, and He is yours, and heaven is yours, and all is yours. Some of you like the young man of the text, have gone far astray. I know not the history, but you knew it, you know it. When a young man went forth into life the legend says, his guardian angel went forth with him, and getting into a field, the guarding angel swept a circle clear around where the young man stood. It was a circle of virtue and honor, and he must not step beyond that circle. Armed foes came down, but were obliged to halt at the circle—they could not pass. But one day a temptress, with diamonded hand, stretched forth and crossed that circle with the hand, and the tempted soul took it and by that fell grip was brought beyond the circle and died. Some of you have stepped beyond that circle. Would you not like this day by the grace of God to step back. This I say to you, is your hour of salvation

If a man does not get to heaven it is because he will not go there. No difference the color, no difference the history, no difference the antecedents, no difference the surroundings, no difference the sin. When the white horses of Christ's victory are brought out to celebrate the eternal triumph you may ride one of them, and as God is greater than all. His joy is greater, and when a soul comes back there is in His heart the surging of an infinite ocean of gladness, and to express that gladness it takes all the rivers of pleasure, and all the thrones of pomp, and all the ages of eternity. It is a joy deeper than all depth, and higher than all heigth, and wider than all width, and vaster than all immensity. It overtops, it undergirds, outweighs all the united splendor and joy of the universe. Who can tell what God's joy is?

You remember reading the story of a King who on some great day of festivity scattered silver and gold among the people and sent valuable presents to his courtiers; but methinks when a soul comes back God is so glad that to express His joy He flings out new worlds into space and kindles up new suns and rolls among the white-robed anthems of the redeemed a greater hallalujah, while with a voice that reverberates among the mountains of frankincense and is echoed back from the everlasting gates He cries: "This, My son, was dead, and he is alive again."

I notice also that when a prodigal comes home there is the joy of the ministers of religion. Oh, it is a grand thing to preach this Gospel. I know there has been a great deal said about the trials and hardships of the Christian ministry. I wish somebody would write a good, rousing book about the joys of the Christian ministry. Since I entered the profession I have seen more of the goodness of God than I will be able to celebrate in all eternity. I know some boast about their equilibrium, and they not break down with emotion; but I confess to you plainly that when I see a man coming to God and giving up his sin I feel in body, mind and soul a transport. When I see a man who is bound hand and foot in evil habit emancipated I rejoice over it as though it were my own emancipation. When to-day in our communion service such throngs of young and old stand at these altars, and in the presence of heaven and earth and hell attest their allegiance to Jesus Christ, I feel a joy something akin to that which the Apostle describes when he says: "Whether in the body I can not tell, whether of the body I can not tell; God knoweth all."

Oh, have not ministers a right to rejoice when a prodigal comes home?

They blew the trumpet, and ought they not to be glad of the gathering of the host? They pointed to the full supply, and ought they not to rejoice when souls pant as the hart for the water brooks? They came forth saying: "All things are now ready;" ought they not to rejoice when the prodigal sits down at the banquet? Life insurance men will all tell you that ministers of religion as a class live longer than any other. It is confirmed by the statistics of all those who calculate upon the human longevity. Why is it? There is more draft upon the nervous system than in any other profession, and their toil is most exhausting. I have seen ministers kept on miserable stipends by parsimonious congregations, who wondered at the dullness of the sermons, when the men of God were perplexed almost to death by questions of livelihood, and had not enough nutritious food to keep any fire in their temperament. No fuel, no fire, I have sometimes seen the inside of the life of many of the American clergymen—never accepting their hospitality, because they can not afford it; but I have seen them struggle on with salaries of $500 and $600 a year—the average less than that their struggle well depicted by the Western missionary, who says in a letter; "Than you for your last remittance. Until it came we had not any meat in our house for one year, and all last winter, our children wore their summer clothes." And these men of God I find in different parts of the land struggling against annoyances and exasperations innumerable; some of them week after week entertaining agents who have maps to sell, and submitting themselves to all styles of annoyance, and yet without complaint, and cheerful of soul. How do you account for the fact that these life insurance men tell us that ministers, as a class, live longer than any others? It is because of the joy of their work, the joy of the harvest-field, the joy of greeting prodigals home to their Father's house.

Then, we are in sympathy with all innocent hilarities. We can enjoy a hearty song, and we can be merry with the merriest; but those of us who have toiled in the service are ready to testify that all these joys are tame compared to the satisfaction of seeing men enter the kingdom of God. The great eras of every minister are the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and I thank God I have seen eighteen of them. Thank God, thank God!

I notice, also, when the prodigal comes back, all earnest Christians rejoice. If you stood on Montauk Point and there was a hurricane at sea, and it was blowing toward the shore, and a vessel crashed into the rocks and you saw people get ashore in the life boats, and the very last man got on the rocks in safety, you could not control your joy. And it is a glad time when the Church of God sees men who are tossed on the ocean of their sins plant their feet on the rock Christ Jesus.

Oh, when prodigals come home just hear those Christians sing! Just hear those Christians pray! It is not a stereotyped supplication that we have heard over and over again for twenty years, but a putting of the case in the hands of God with an importunate pleading. No long prayers. Men never pray at great length unless they have nothing to say and their hearts are hard and cold. All the prayers that were in the Bible that were answered were short prayers: "God be merciful to me a sinner." "Lord, that I may receive my sight." "Lord, save me or I perish." The longest prayer, Solomon's prayer at the dedication of the Temple, less than eight minutes in length, according to the ordinary rate of enunciation.

And just hear them pray, now that the prodigals are coming home. Just see them shake hands. No putting forth of the four tips of the fingers in a formal way, but a hearty grasp, where the muscles of the heart seem to clench the fingers of one hand around the other hand. And then see those Christian faces, how illuminated they are. And see that old man get up and, with the same voice that he sang fifty years ago in the old country meeting house, say: "Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Once more I remark that when the prodigal gets back the inabitants of heaven keep festival. I am very certain of it. If you have never seen a telegraphic chart you have no idea how many cities are connected together and how many lands. Nearly all the neighborhoods of the earth seem articulated and news flies from city to city and from continent to continent. But more rapidly go the tidings from earth to heaven, and when a prodigal returns it is announced before the throne of God. And if these souls this morning should enter the kingdom there would be some one in the heavenly kingdom to say: "That's my father," "That's my mother," "That's my son," "That's my daughter," "That's my friend," "That's the one I used to pray for, "That's the one for whom I wept so many tears," and one soul would say, "Hosanna!" and another soul would say, "Hallelujah!"

At the banquet of Lucullus sat Cicero, the orator; at the Macedonian festival sat Philip, the conqueror; at the Grecian banquet sat Socrates, the philosopher; but at our Father's table sit all the returned prodigals, more than conquerors. The table is so wide its leaves reach across seas and across lands. Its guests are the redeemed of earth and the glorified of heaven. The ring of God's forgiveness on every hand, the robe of a Savior's righteousness adroop from every shoulder. The wine that glows in the cups is from the bowls of ten thousand sacraments. Let all the rrdeemed of earth and all the glorified of heaven rise and, with gleaming chalice, drink to the return of a thousand prodigals. Sing! sing! sing! "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power, world without end!"

Ryder's Best, long havannah filler, finest in the land. Try it. 77 Mass. Ave.

It is hard to tell at this time of year whether a man has care on his mind or a piece of mince pie in his stomach.

THE SAMOAN QUESTION.

The President Submits Recent Correspondence to Congress.

The President Friday sent the following message to Congress:

As supplementary to my previous messages on the subject, I have now the honor to transmit a report from the Secretary of State relating to affairs in Samoa.

Mr. Bayard to the president:

As the question of German action and American rights in Samoa is under consideration by the Congress, I beg leave to transmit herewith, with a view to their being laid before the Congress, copies of correspondence touching affairs in Samoa, which has taken place since Jan. 30, the date of your last message to Congress on the subject. This consists of a telegram to this department from Mr. Blacklock, vice consul of the United States at Apia, dated Jan. 31, and a paraphrase of my telegraphic instruction on the same date to our minister at Berlin, of which a copy was also sent to the charge d'affairs at London and my note of the same date to Count Arco Valley. To-day I was waited upon by the German minister at this capital, who read me a note from his government, which I translatad from his dictation and now inclose a copy of its text. The inclosed telegram from Mr. Blacklock reads:

"German consul declares Germany at war with Samoa under martial law."

The paraphrase of the note to Minister Pendleton is as follows.

"Mr. Bayard instructs the minister of the United States at Berlin to inform the German government that advices from Apia state that the German consul had declared Germany to be at war with Mataafa, and Samoa to be under martial law. Mr. Bayard informs Minister Pendleton that the German minister at this capital, under instructions from Prince Bismarck, had already acquainted this government of the declaration of war by Germany against Mataafa and had accompanied the notification with the statement that Germany would of course, abide by the agreements with America and England touching Samoa, and preserve, under all circumstances, the rights of this government established by treaty. But, in view of the advices from Apia, Mr. Bayard instructs Mr. Pendleton to say that this government assumed that the German officials in Samoa would be instructed carefully to refrain from interference with American citizens and property there, since no declaration of martial law could extend German jurisdiction so as to include control of Americans in Samoa. Such a pretension could not be recognized or conceded by this government."

The remainder of the correspondence as transmitted by the President, reads as follows:

Mr. Bayard to Count Arco Valley—Informs him of the receipt of a telegram from Mr. Blacklock and says:

"Not knowing what construction might be given to his authority by the German consul at Samoa in said proclamation of martial law, I deemed it expedient at once to communicate to our minister at Berlin, informing him of the precise language of the telegram from Blacklock, and stating that the declaration of a state of war by the German empire against Mataafa and his party in Samoa had been previously communicated through you, and that Prince Bismarck in his instructions to you also stated that the German government would, of course, abide by the agreement with America and England with respect to Samoa, and pay due regard in all instructions to the rights of those powers established by treaty. Our minister at Berlin was therefore instructed to make it known at the German foreign office that the United States assumes that German officials in Samoa would be instructed scrupulously to abstain from all interference with American citizens and their property in Samoa, and that no increase or expansion of the German jurisdiction over American citizens or their property would be caused by the German declaration of martial law, nor would such jurisdiction be recognized or conceded by the United States."

Count Arco Valley to Mr. Bayard, under instructions from the prince chancellor, Feb. 1: "As a state of war was declared againt Mataafa, the commander of the German squadron issued a proclamation by which the foreigners established in Samoa were subject to martial law. International law would, to a certain extent, not prevent such a measure, but as Prince Bismarck is of opinion that our military authority has gone too far in this instance, the military commander has received telegraph orders to withdraw the part of the proclamation concerning foreigners. In negotiating with Mataafa our consul at Samoa has asked that the administration of the islands of Samoa might be temporarily handed over to him, which demand, not being in conformity to our previous promise regarding the neutrality and independence of Samoa, Mr. Knappe has been ordered by telegram to withdraw immediately his command."

The German minister at Washington informed Secretary Bayard, Monday, that Prince Bismarck wanted a resumption at Berlin, of the conference held in Washington in the summer of 1887, between the German and British Ministers and Mr. Bayard. This information was furnished to the press by Secretary Bayard with the statement that it was all he could say on the subject at present. Senator Frye says this Government will be very foolish if it consents to the conference. "If Germany wants to renew the conference," said he, "let Prince Bismarck send his agent here. It is not for us to go to Berlin in search of him. But if a conference is to be held in Berlin," continued the Senator, with a merry twinkle in his blue eye, "I want to see Ben Butler sent over there to represent us. He would be a good match for Bismarck."

Secretery Bayard has notified the German Minister at Washington that this government accepts the proposition for a resumption, at Berlin, of the conference begun in Washington in 1887, in regard to Samoa.

Equal to the Emergency.

Puck.]

(An irate female seeks admittance to the editor's sanctum)—"But I tell you, madam," protests the attendant, "that the editor is too ill to talk to any one today."

"Never mind, you let me in. I'll do the talkin'."

THE VOICE, when hoarse and husky from overstrain or irritation of the vocal organs, is improved and strengthened by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Clergymen, Singers, Actors, and Public Speakers find great relief in the use of this preparation. A specific for throat affections. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough, and is indispensable in every household.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1, six bottles, $5.

—OF—

COD LIVER OIL,

With Extract of Malt and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, Cures Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Scrofula and all Wasting Diseases.

IT IS AS PLEASANT AND PALATABLE TO TAKE AS HONEY.

ITS STRENGTHENING EFFECTS ARE ALMOST IMMEDIATE.

IT DOES NOT COME UP TO ASSERT ITSELF SEMI-OCCASIONALLY AFTER BEING SWALLOWED, AS OTHER EMULSIONS CERTAINLY DO.

IT IS A GREAT PRODUCER OF BONE AND MUSCLE.

IT PURIFIES THE BLOOD, AND PATIENTS GAIN RAPIDLY WHILE TAKING IT.

IT IS A TRUE EMULSION, THE ONLY ONE THAT IS ALWAYS READY, ALWAYS ALIKE, AND THAT NEVER HAS A THICK, GUMMY AND GREASY BLOB AT THE TOP TO UPSET THE PATIENT'S STOMACH.

IT IS USED IN ALL THE LEADING HOSPITALS.

IT IS PRESCRIBED BY THE MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

Ask your Druggist for it, and take no other.

J. A. MAGEE & CO., Lawrence, Mass.

SYKE'S

Sure Cure.

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR

CATARRH

The large number of certificates received of the virtues of this preparation in the treatment of this unpleasant disease, abundantly attest its efficacy. It is without a rival. It is the only medicine now on the market adapted to Catarrh, that performs what it promises and effects not only speedy relief but a permanent cure. Unlike many nostrums now before the public, it does not dry up temporarily the nasal discharges, but eradicates the producing cause, thus leaving the system in a sound and healthy condition. Ask your druggists for a bottle of Sykes' Sure Cure for Catarrh and you will be healed of the malady.
For sale by all Druggists.
ROSS GORDON, Lafayette, Ind, Wholesale Agent.

S.S.S. TRADE MARK

FOR THE BLOOD

Swift's Specific has cured me of a malignant breaking out on my leg, which caused intolerable pain. It was called Eczema by the doctors—four of whom treated me with no relief. I candidly confess that I owe my present good health to S. S. S., which in my estimation is invaluable as a blood remedy. Miss Julia DeWitt, 2227 N. 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Our baby when two months old was attacked with Scrofula, which for a long time destroyed her eyesight entirely, and caused us to despair of her life. The doctors failed to relieve her, and we gave Swift's Specific, which soon cured her entirely, and she is now hale and hearty.
E. V. Delk, Will's Point, Texas.

Scrofula developed on my daughter—swelling and lumps on her neck. We gave her Swift's Specific, and the result was wonderful and the cure prompt.
S. A. DeArmond, Cleveland, Tenn.

Send for book giving history of Blood Diseases and advice to sufferers, mailed free.
The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF COD LIVER OIL WITH

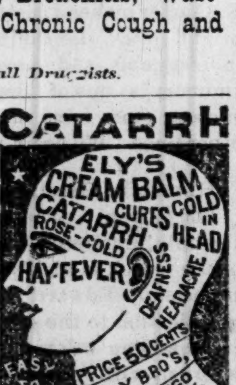
HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

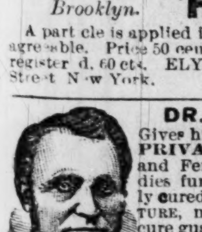
Sold by all Druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

I was surprised after using Ely's Cream Balm two months to find the right nostril, which was closed for 20 years, was open and free as the other. I feel very thankful. —*R. H. Cressingham 275 18th St., Brooklyn.*



A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.



DR. W. H SARBER,

Gives his special attention to all PRIVATE DISEASES of Male and Female. Regulating remedies furnished. CANCERS positively cured without the knife. RUPTURE, no cure, no pay. PILES a cure guaranteed. Fistula, Fissure, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Sterility, Gonorrhea, Syphilis and other ills successfully treated and positively cured. Call on or address, DR. SARBER, 50½ S. ILL. ST., INDIANAPOLIS, IND. All letters containing stamps answered, and medicines sent to order.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. So strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send two bottles free, together with a valuable treatise on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

SINGULAR SAMOA.

Origin of the Present Trouble---Habits of the People.

Letter in Cosmopolitan.

"The attention of the public having been attracted to the Islands of the Pacific during the past year, first by this outbreak and threatened revolution of the Hawaiians at the Sandwich Islands, and later by the aggressive attitude of the Germans at Samoa, has led to much speculation in regard to the latter island and the character of its people, as well as the possible policy of the United States may pursue in the settlement of its difficulties. The situation is in fact this: Some years ago the United States, England and Germany made a treaty binding themselves to preserve the independence of Samoa. Germany has violated her treaty, and is to-day virtually in control of the island, but she avoided direct acknowledgment of the fact by declaring war against the high chief or King Malietoa, expressly declaring that the war and claims were against him personally, and not against the Samoa nation. Then having dethroned and doposed Malietoa they installed Tamasese, a rebel, as King, a mere tool in their hands, who acts only through their Consul, making Herr Brandis, a German, Prime Minister. The presence of an American man-of-war later disconcerted them somewhat for a time. They had evidently counted upon the United States adopting the same "hands off" policy which England seems to have done; however, a ship is here, and the Germans do not known what brought her or what action of our Government it may portend, though their later instructions will probably be based upon such correspondence as has taken place between Washington and Berlin, which depends upon the policy our Government follows. Should Germany withdraw her ships the natives would loose no time in making war upon Tamasese and the Government the Germans nave established for him, and as the Malietoa party is much stronger in fighting men, he would doubtless be overthrown. The chiefs have all taken the oath of allegiance to Tamasese, but as they were forced to do so, they will not consider it binding. The Germans threatened to burn and sack the village of every chief who failed to come in and sign the oath. In fact they did burn one village of two hundred huts, cut down the bread fruit and cocoanut trees, and desecrated the graves. They disavow any intention of taking control of the islands, while they have practically done so. They give Tamasese unlimited credit; have run up a biil of $30,000 against him, principally for bringing chiefs from different parts of the island to swear allegiance and for protecting him. One item of $2,160 is for saluting his flag. Their design is evidently to involve him heavily in debt, and as he will be unable to meet it, seize more land to satisfy their unjust claims.

More than a year ago Tamasese was in rebellion, and Malietoa was then in a position to effectually crush him, but put off doing so upon the advice and promises of the United States and English representatives. The result is Malietoa captured and expatriated, and the rebe chief installed in his place, while his loyal subjects are forced by a German fleet to take the oath of allegiance to Tamasese.

"We have engaged our honor as a nation to protect these people, but our representatives can do nothing, handicapped as they are by instructions, which are—to remain neutral, to avoid all complications, and upon no account to interfere beween the Germans and Samoans. If our Government is to take no steps in the matter, the presence of a man-of-war here is unnecessary, and simply lends countenance to the German outrages. American property is equally safe without a ship, and it would be better to withdraw a semblance of force which only brings discredit on the United States and subjects her officers to mortifications. England is usually not slow to resent acts which affect her injuriously, and her inaction now is difficult to understand. It is a terrible thing to contemplate—the civilized nations looking idly on while Germany thus crushes an innocent people who have the highest claims for protection, and who might be so prosperous and happy were foreign intervention inspired by humanity instead of sordid greed. The Samoans might well distrust the teachings of Christianity when their present condition is brought about by nations who have enjoyed its privileges and benefits for centuries.

Here is a graphic description of the Samoan men:

"The Samoan men are very fine specimens of the genus homo—tall, broad, well developed, and with prepossessing, fine, agreeable features. They have the custom of applying lime to the hair, which makes them all red-headed. There are various shades from auburn to a darker shade, which resembles sealskin. The hair is trimmed close on the crown of the head, leaving the front, side and back long, which, surmounting a really fine bronzed face, produces a handsome effect.

"In the matter of clothing they are quite primitive, as, for the most part, they wear nothing but a strip of cloth wound about the waist, falling half way to the knee. The original material used was tapa, and many use that now; but the majority have substituted calico, and, as would be expected, choose large figures and brilliant colors. All the men are tattooed from waist to knees, the pattern being identical and very elaborate. A few wear garlands of flowers across the shoulders; and some head-dresses of leaves standing up like feathers. These, we understand, are Chiefs."

The women are thus described:

"The great majority of women wear clothing above the waist, and nothing below the knees. A few, perhaps from deference to foreigners' prejudice, perhaps through vanity, attempt waists, but it is such a recent innovation that no well defined fashion has been established, each aspirant to 'better things' in the way of clothing following her own fancy, or that of her particular 'set.' As a result there are many 'styles,' and I fear all would not find favor in the eyes of the average Americaine, but here one soon ceases to notice that they are outre, and the wearers attract attention only when in European clothes, which they neither know how to make nor to wear, and in which they appear conscious and uncomfortable. The most pleasing, perhaps because the most simple, garment for upper wear, is a straight strip of thin material with a hole cut in the center for the head, the ends hanging down over the bust and back. From this the garments vary through diverse stages of waists and chemise.

"The women are tattooed, also, but in a more merciful manner than the men that is, there is not so much of it, only small figures some distance apart. Many, both men and women, have their names tattooed on the forearm, the letters being the same as ours.

"The custom of putting lime on the hair is not so common among the women, but many do it. We learn that the change in color is only incidental, the object being cleanliness and to avoid an operation so often witnessed among the poorer classes in Europe and in the tropics. Cocoanut oil is freely used, both upon the hair and body, and the odor of it pervades the air. The people bathe a great deal and seem to be generally cleanly."

Here is a neat description of an interview with Tamasese, the so-called usurper, whom the Germans are supporting:

"While we were visiting one of the tents Tamasese approached. The family saluted him by crossing their arms upon their breasts, remaining in that attitude until he had passed. He greeted us with Kalofai, which greeting we returned. He is a very large man, but has a less intelligent face than many of the others; he was entirely nude except for the lava-lava—a piece of figured calico wrapped about the loins. In his hand he carried a handkerchief with which he kept off the flies—these insects are very numerous, small and pestiferous. His only companion was his wife, who walked a few steps behind. She was dressed or undressed in the prevailing style."

The description of the native towns is full of interest.

"As we passed the houses the inmates invited us to enter, and we visited a number of families. These houses, or huts, built of bamboo, are very well constructed, the frame-work is tied firmly together and the mats and thatching which form the roofs are really artistically woven. There are no walls, but when it becomes necessary to shut out wind, rain or sun, mats made of cocoanut leaves are let down. The floors are made of pebbles gathered from the beds of fresh-water streams which come down from the mountains. There appear to be a number of people to each hut and when needful to form rooms tapa screens are hung up. They have no beds, but sleep on mats spread upon the floor. One would suppose these would make anything but downy couches, but the natives evidently find them comfortable, for at any hour of the day some members of the family are sure to be found asleep. Their pillows—which consist of a length of bamboo supported at either end on legs—form a part of the meager furniture, the other part consisting of a strong box in which are kept the finery and valuable. In the Tamasese villages we noticed that every hut had its rifle or rifles, so that the men are ready at any moment for a call to arms. The King's palace differs from the huts only in size, and the possession of several European trunks."

The following is from the N. Y. World:

The true inwardness of the Samoan business may be briefly stated: The foreign trade of the islands is in the hands of three great foreign Plantation Companies, which are gradually acquiring by illegal means the whole of the land. One of these companies is American, another is English, while the third and most important is a German corporation in which Count Herbert Bismarck Herr Von Puttkamer and a number of other high but badly paid officials at Berlin are financially interested. For the past ten years internal troubles and civil was have been fomented and fostered for the purpose of inducing the warlike natives to sell their lands for the sake of rifles and ammunition. Thus the American Company has just forced the loyalist Mataafa men to sell and mortgage their lands for the purpose of buying Snider cartridges at 11 cents apiece, 20 cents having been at first demanded, while the German Plantation Company has sold obsolete muskets confiscated from the Marshall Islanders at the rate of $7.50 apiece to the Tamasese rebels. By these practices the German Company has acquired over two hundred thousand acres of land in Samoa. The treaty obligations prohibit the sale of arms and liquor to the natives, and it is certain that if the stipulations were strictly enforced there would be no Samoan question. At the present moment the international relations between the United States, Germany and England are strained to the utmost for the mere purpose of putting a few dollars into the pockets of unscrupulous men at Berlin, in London and in this country at the expense of the unfortunate Samoans.

The Chamber of Torture

Is the apartment to which the unhappy sufferer from inflammatory rheumatism is confined. If, ere the crisis of pain is reached, that fine preventive, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is used by persons of a rheumatic tendency, much unnecessary suffering is avoided. Nervines, anodynes and sedatives, while having none but a specific effect, are yet very desirable at times. Yet they can produce no lasting effect upon rheumatism, because they have no power to eliminate from the blood the rheumatic virus. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does this, and checks at the outset a disease which, if allowed to gain headway, it is next to impossible to dislodge or to do more than relieve. Rheumatism, it should be remembered, is a disease with a fatal tendency from its proneness to attack the heart. A resort to the Bitters should, therefore, be prompt. Dyspepsia, kidney complaint, malaria and nervousness are relieved by it.

Fortunes are made by taking opportunities; character is made by making them.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience, have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.
Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit St.

We will give $100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The want of a thing makes the value of it.

With growns and sighs, and dizzled eyes,
He seeks the couch and down he lies;
Nausea and faintness in him rise,
Brow-racking pains assail him.
Sick headache! But ere long comes ease,
His stomach settles into peace,
Within his head the throbbings cease—
Pierce's Pellets never fail him!

Nor will they fail anyone in such a dire predicament. To the dyspeptic, the bilious, and the constipated, they are alike "a friend in need and a friend indeed."

In the long run moral forces are the practical forces of politics.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

There is something about a stale egg that hurts more than a stone.

A Modest, Sensitive Woman

often shrinks from consulting a physician about functional derangement, and prefers to suffer in silence. This may be a mistaken feeling, but it is one which is largely prevalent. To all such women we would say that one of the most skillful physicians of the day, who has had a vast experience in curing diseases peculiar to women, has prepared a remedy which is of inestimable aid to them. We refer to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See guarantee printed on bottle wrapper.

Empty stomachs stand no show in a contest with full pocket-books.

A Radical Cure for Epileptic Fits.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease which I warrant to cure the worst cases. So strong is my faith in the virtues of this medicine that I will send free a sample bottle and valuable treatise to any sufferer who will give me his P. O. and Express address. My remedy has cured thousands of hopeless cases.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

It's a wise man that knows his want.

News About Town.

It is the current report about town that Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs is making some remarkable cures with people who are troubled with Coughs, Sore Throat, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Any druggist will give you a trial bottle free of cost, It is guaranteed to relieve and cure. The large bottles are 50c and $1.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches are excellent for the relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, Eng.*

"I WISH I could find something that would cure galls and prevent the hair coming in white," is an expression frequently heard. Veterinary Carbolisalve will always do it. Sold by Druggists at 50 cents and $1.00.

Read Dr. Sarber's card in another column.

—Slim persons and all who are reduced in weight from overwork, &c., will regain flesh and general health by the use of MAGEE'S EMULSION.

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CURES PROMPTLY
SPRAINS, STRAINS, HURTS.
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AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating. Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When baby was sick we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Three Happy and Eminent Fathers.

Washington Post.

Among those somewhat advanced in years who have recently become husbands and fathers are ex-Governor John D. Long, member of Congress from Massachusetts, General Joseph R. Hawley, Senator from Connecticut, and General Anson G. McCook, Secretary of the Senate. General McCook is the infant member of the proud and happy trio, though he is no chicken. Governor Long makes a loving papa at the age of fifty-one, and General Hawley greets his first baby, aged sixty-three (the General not the baby.)

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Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medical merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

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THE CHIMNEY CORNER, 67 and 69 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Over 100,000 customers of 1888 gladly testify that they INCREASED ALL YIELDS. Yes, often DOUBLED them by sowing SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS. Because no other seed is so full of life, vigor and vitality—so prolific and early as Salzers.

OAT NOVELTY--WHITE WONDER!

This is the most wonderful Oat we have ever seen or heard of, and we have tested EVERY sort offered by EVERY seedsman in America, but none come half way up to it in YIELD, vigor, beauty and quality. Scores of 1888 customers say: Yielded 5 to 10 times as much as common oats! Its enormous yield is due to its great stooling properties, long ears and plump kernels. Early, fine, wonderful.

$750 in prizes for Largest Yield in 1889. See Catalogue about it. First Prize $400. Who wins it? The farmer wants big crops. Well, he can have them every time by sowing my seeds—yielding on wheat, 40 bu., barley 70 bu., new corn 125 bu., potatoes 640 bu., etc. Headquarters for all Farm Seeds, Grasses, Clovers, LUCERNE CLOVER, MILLET and ENSILAGE CORN.

Floor area of seed store 2 acres. Potato cellar capacity 60,000 bu. 26 Packages Earliest Vegetable Novelties, postpaid, $1. Send 8c for Wonder Oat and Grain Samples or 10c for Giant Cabbage and receive elegant Catalogue.

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in Real Estate and Printing Machinery to the purchasers of the First Edition of the two elegant 21x28 inch Pictures, (in two colors) of Andersonville and Libby Prisons. They are works of art and household ornaments of great historical interest, giving thirty of the most important scenes. The two separate pictures by mail for $1.00, with certificate of one share in the Real Estate and Printing Machinery when edition is sold. The Two Pictures Without Certificates, 55 cents. Pair of Pictures to anyone getting up a club of ten.
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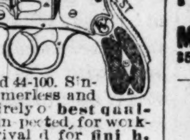
Through Cars to the Inauguration.

The Pennsylvania Lines will sell excursion tickets at low round trip rates and run through cars to Washington for the inauguration of Gen. Harrison. Preparations already under way indicate that the Pennsylvania management intends to surpass its record for the prompt, safe and satisfactory running of trains in the care of the enormous traffic over its lines to the Capital. For full information apply to the nearest passenger or ticket agent of the Pennsylvania Lines.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of best quality wrought steel, carefully inspected, for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for finish, durability and accuracy. Do not be deceived by cheap malleable cast-iron imitations which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are guaranteed perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.



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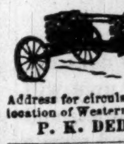

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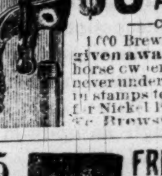
1000 Brewster's Safety Rein Holders given away to introduce them. Every horse owner buys from 1 to 6. Lines never under horses' feet. Send 25 cents in stamps to pay postage and packing for Nickel Plated sample that sells for 65 cents. Brewster Mf. Co., Holly, Mich.

$15. FREE TRADE PRICES! NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES! $45 SEWING MACHINES NOW ONLY $15



We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. R. SCULLEN & CO., 781 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

$12 WIRE PICKET FENCE MACHINE. Lowden's Perfection. Patented. Best Field Fence Machine in the U. S. Capacity, 30 to 50 rods a day. Fence costs 30 to 35c. a rod, freight paid. Agents wanted. Write for illustrated circulars to L. C. LOWDEN, Indianapolis, Ind.

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SOLDIERS all get Pensions, if ½ disabled; Officers' travel pay, bounty collected; Deserters relieved; success or no fee. Laws sent free. A. W. McCormick & Son, Washington, D. C. & Cincinnati, O.

M. W. DUNHAM'S OAKLAWN FARM.

3,000 PERCHERON AND FRENCH COACH HORSES, IMPORTED.

STOCK ON HAND: 300 STALLIONS of serviceable age; 150 COLTS with choice pedigrees, superior individuals; 200 IMPORTED BROOD MARES (80 in foal by Brilliant, the most famous living sire). Best Quality. Prices Reasonable. Terms Easy. Don't Buy without inspecting this Greatest and Most Successful Breeding Establishment of America. Intending purchasers, address, for 250-page catalogue, M. W. DUNHAM, WAYNE, ILLINOIS. 35 miles west Chicago on C. & N. W. R'y bet. Turner Junc. & Elgin.

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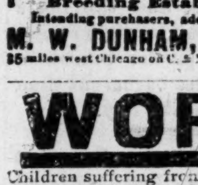
Children suffering from these destructible parasytes can't be relieved by so-called worm lozenges which only tickle the palate. The time-tried, tested cure is B. A. Fahnestock's Vermifuge. As you value the life of your child don't wait until spasms and incurable sickness seizes them, but get his wonderful remedy at once: it never fails.



I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.
G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D., Amsterdam, N. Y.

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D. R. DYCHE & CO., Chicago, Ill.
$1.00. Sold by Druggists.

5 TON WAGON SCALES, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box, **$60** and JONES he pays the freight—for free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

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MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

BOOK TO MOTHERS MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Vaseline Preparations.

On receipt of postage stamps we will send free by mail the following splendid articles:

One Box of Pure Vaseline — 10 cents
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None genuine unless our name is on the label.
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NORTHERN PACIFIC LOW PRICE RAILROAD LANDS & FREE Government LANDS.

MILLIONS OF ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. SEND FOR Publications with Maps describing The BEST Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to Settlers Sent Free. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Commissioner, ST. PAUL, MINN.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Late Principal Examiner, U. S. Pension Bureau, Att'y-at-Law, Washington, D. C., successfully prosecutes claims, original, increase, re-rating, widows', children's and dependent relatives'. Experience: 3 yrs. in last war, 15 yrs. in Pension Bureau, and 4 yrs. practicing attorney.

SALESMEN We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages $3 Per Day. Permanent position. No postals answered. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED An Agent in every town in Indiana for the Finest Laundry Work done in the State. SOMERVILLE LAUNDRY CO., Ind'p'ls.

PATENTS F. A. LEHMANN, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

INU 6—89 INEPLS

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HOME STUDY. Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc., thoroughly taught by MAIL. Circulars free. BRYANT'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE FREEMAN.

EDWARD E. COOPER, Proprietor.

THE FREEMAN is a weekly newspaper published in the interest f the colored people It is issued every Saturday from 18½ N. Penn St., by EDWARD E. COOPER, to whom all communication should be directed.

SOLD BY ALL NEWSDEALERS.

THE FREEMAN invites contribution from all parts of the country, which relates in any way to the colored people. And will pay for such when used. We want to secure active intelligent correspondents in every city and town of the U. S. Information given on application.

We prefer not to return manuscript where the articles are short, and copies easily taken—such as poems, anecdotes and brief sketches; and in no case will we undertake to return MS. unless stamps for that purpose accompany the article.

Entered at the Postoffice at Indianapolis as second class matter.

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Invariably in advance.
Cash must in all cases accompany orders for subscription.
Send money by Postoffice order, Express money, Bank draft or Registered letter. Address

EDWARD E. COOPER,
Indianapolis, - - Ind.

The Louisiana Standard earnestly entreats the colored people in such districts where bull-dozing is fiercest to leave the State and seek a territory, where black men have rights that are respected. We do not believe a wholesale emigration would be advisable just now, but hope to see a policy pursued that will ally the whites and blacks of the Southern States on a basis of common interest. Emigration will not solve the problem save in extreme instances.

We publish the portrait of one of the country's really great men on the first page of this issue of The Freeman—the Rt. Rev. B. W. Arnett, of Ohio. Mr. Arnett has held more elective and appointive offices than any one man we know of; and has filled as many places of honor and trust creditably and honorably. His life reads like a romance and we shall give a full and concise biographicol sketch of him in an early issue of The Freeman, written by the talented Mascotte.

Oyster boat slavery is a new form of American coolie or enforced service, that rivals the worst forms of Moorish bondage. It is a disgrace to civilization, and should be classed with piracy. There are labor agencies in New York and elsewhere that, under false pretenses, pick up boys and men to work on oyster boats in the Chessapeake Bay. Once on board the boats they are kept as prisoners and forced to work like slaves, and no communication is allowed with the land. The suffering of these peons is horrible, and the boats should at once be put under rigid supervision and the guilty parties punished, The Bey of Tunis is less barbarous than these beasts of Chesapeake Bay.

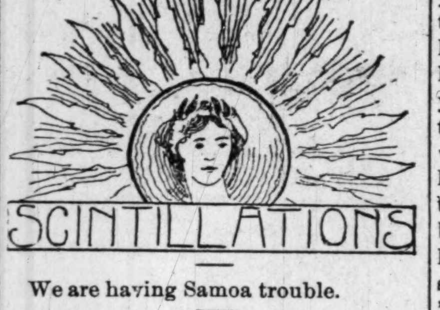
Mr. Sewall, United States Consul at Samoa, declares that he has discovered facts which make it morally certain that there is a secret agreement between England and Germany in the Samoan matter, whereby Germany is to annex Samoa, and England is to take possession of Tonga Island. Several points in the conduct of these two countries recently which are not readily comprehensible now would be intelligible on this hypothesis. However, whether the Consul is right or wrong in this statement, it will not be safe for the United States to depend on obtaining aid from England against Germany if war should result between Germany and this country.

While The Freeman has given undivided attention to the proceedings of the Indiana legislature now in session, it has had no advice to offer in regards to its conduct, etc. We would like, however, to speak a word in behalf of our friend, Mr. Thomas Markey, who is a candidate for the presidency of the Insane Hospital. Mr. Markey is a young man who has made a name and reputation in his community by his honesty and fair dealing. He is a labor man of twenty years standing, and is a representative of the independent labor element here. No better man could be appointed. We vouch for him, and trust the Assembly will see the wisdom of appointing him.

The Department of Agriculture, in its final computation of the cereal crops of 1888, puts the corn yield at 1,987,790,000 bushels. This is a little short of the popular estimates made just after that crop was gathered. In these calculations it was put above the 2,000,000,000 mark. However, even on the figuring of the Agricultural Department, it is the largest corn crop ever produced in this country. The greatest yield ever previously attained was in 1885, when the output was 1,936,176,000 bushels. According to the department's estimate, the wheat yield of the past season was 414,868,000 bushels. This has often been exceeded. The greatest wheat crop was that of 1884, when 512,765,000 bushels were produced.

The recent heavy defalcations of trusted public officials are bringing the people to their senses, and it is probable that nominating conventions will be called upon to exercise greater care in selecting candidates, and see to it that none but honest men are chosen. Popularity with "the boys" is no guarantee of personal integrity. One of the ridiculous features of these defalcations is the attempt of the partisan press to make capital of the fact that the offender belonged to this or that party. Politics has nothing to do with the case. A thief is a thief wherever you find him, and no party should be blamed for his crimes unless it should attempt to shield or cover them up.

Hon. Henry P. Cheatham, of North Carolina, the only colored man holding a certificate of election to the coming Congress, has a splendid opportunity to distinguish himself. As the sole representative of a great element of the American people it will be expected that he will take a leading part in the discussion of questions relating particularly to his own people. It will devolve upon him to show the Caucasian race that the colored people possess intelligence, courage, manhood and know something of statecraft. He must be our ambassador at the congressional court. Will he be equal to the emergency? Will he dare to have the courage of his convictions and the manhood to boldly utter them? We hope so.



We are having Samoa trouble.

Let us have national aid for the education of the illiterates of the South. It will save bloodshed in the future.

The cause of industrial education for our young men and women should be vigorously supported by all classes.

There are over 80,000 Negro voters in Tennessee and yet not one Negro in the present Legislature. The reason is plain enough. It is the natural and legitimate result of political management and race disaffection. Tennessee is not alone in this matter.

Mahone may have been misrepresented in his recent brochure on the Negro question, but his actions toward our people in other instanees, notably the Langston congressional fight, demonstrate very conclusively that his love for the colored man isn't of a conspicuous nature.

"Our Women and Children," a monthly publication managed and edited by Rev. W. J. Simmons, of Louisville, appears this month in an entitely new form, with a handsomely engraved title-cover, and brimful of bright and interesting matter. The magazine is worthy of the success it is achieving.

It is interesting and encouraging to watch the rapid rise of young men in the political and educational arenas. In the past five years more new names have sprung into notice by reason of distinction in some special line, than in any corresponding period since the war, and ninety per cent. of these newcomers are young men. With their progressive ideas and energetic application, it is meet that they should begin to "let their light shine."

A new colored journal will shortly be launched at New Orleans, La., to be devoted to the discussion of political and race problems, not in the interest of any party, but from the stand point of reason and principle. It will be called "The Crusader," and its stockholders are members of both colored and white races—a most favorable sign of progress in that section. L. A. Martinet a writer of much force and brilliancy, has been tendered the editorship. Success to the new "Crusade."

From present indications it does not seem very likely that a colored man will grace President Harrison's cabinet, and the blame rests with the colored people themselves. Had they presented a solid front in demanding such recognition instead of frittering away their brilliant chances in childish discussions of the feasibility of asking for their own property, the appointment would undoubtedly have been made. We are sorry our people have not as high an opinion of themselves as we have of them.

Without doubt the most abominable personage in a communni y and the class most to be feared is the professional scandal-monger. The most honorable of men and most virtuous of women are completely at the mercy of these pests, and the law affords no protection. An irresponsible loafer, with a mouthful of lies can ruin more reputations in a day than can be re-established in years. A stricter law on this subject would be a move in the right direction.

WE CAN'T DO IT.

We are continually receiving orders for back copies of The Freeman and while we did furnish them for a while, we are compelled to stop now as the back numbers have run out. The demands for The Freeman are very large and persons wishing extra copies should order them ahead.

REV. A. AUGUSTUS BURLEIGH.

Minister, or Also, Scholar and Politician. What Push, Energy, and Industry Can Do.

REV. A. A. BURLEIGH.
Chaplain State Senate, Springfield, Ill.

Rev. A. Augustus Burleigh was born in Madison county, Va., in 1848 of colored and white parentage. His mother and father lived together more than 25 years and had eight children born to them. Angus A. was the youngest and left free by his father who died in 1850, leaving a portion of his property to this youngest son for his support and education; but all of it was consumed by the white side of the house. Young Burleigh spent his boyhood in the mountains of Kentucky with a paternal half brother. In the spring of 1864, he enlisted in the 12th U. S. Artillery and served as a non-commissioned officer till '66. His regiment most of the time, composed a part of the army of the Cumberland.

On the day he received his honorable discharge, he met for the first time, one of Kentucky's noblest sons, the Rev. John G. Fee, a life long anti-slavery minister, a Gospel pioneer of the emancipation, and the founder of Berea College in that State.

On their acquaintance, this untiring philanthropist became peculiarly attached to the young soldier, and subsequently became his pastor and tutor. He was in his 18th year, and his former surroundings had been so altered by the convulsions of war, that he found himself without home or friends, thrown on the cold charity of the world.

Rev. Mr. Fee induced him to enter Berea College and prosecute an education. One month after he left the army he visited his aged and feeble mother, left her $20 and entered Berea with $60 in his pocket. He commenced his studies in the intermediate grade. Thus opened his school life of nearly ten years through which he passed battling against poverty and race caste. He completed the common branches and entered the collegiate course, graduating in 1875 with degree of A. B.

With the exception of a little aid received from a few friends in the North, he worked out his entire expenses, board, books, clothing, etc, at a cost of $1,250. In his 18th year, he was converted and led to feel that his life should be spent in doing good.

In his chief desire to be guided by Divine Will he was made to realize his call to the ministry. In 1875 he was appointed principal of the public colored schools of Richmond, Ind. On the 25th of November of the same year he was married to Miss Louisa E. Shaffer, and consumated their long engagement made while they were both students of Berea, and held inviolable through nearly seven years. His amiable wife has done more by her unflagging devotion, her loving disposition and womanly vigilance to brighten his life and cheer his heart in the midst of his busy labors than all other eartly supports. They have three children born to them.

In 1878 he entered the traveling ministry of the A. M. E. church, under Bishop Shorter. Since that time he has held some of the poorest and some of the best charges in the States of Ind., Mich., Virginia and Ills.

In 1884 he was a delegate at large from the State of Illinois to the National Prohibition convention in Indianapolis. He is now pastor of St. Paul A. M. E. church in Springfield, and on January 8th was elected chaplain to the 36th General Assembly over his opponents, R. O. Post of the Congregational church and Dr. D. S. Johnson of the Presbyterian church.

Miss Flora Batson is singing in New Orleans this week.

Mr. Fred W. Burch has joined the Selika Concert Company, at Macon, Ga.

Miss Hennetta Vinton Davis will spend inauguration week in Washington.

The Star concert at Boston Music Hall a few evenings ago introduced Callender's colored minstrels; Miss Gertrude Thompson, whistling soloist, Robert Heyden, guitar solist; a full military band and other talent.

Miss Adelaid G. Smith, the charming singer of Boston was married to Mr. Lewis Ferry February 6th.

W. Owens King, a humorist and mimic of New York City, is prepairing for professional engagements.

The drama, "Above the Clouds," will be repeated in a few weeks in Chicago, at a benefit to be tendered Rev. Thompson.

Local talent will render the cantata "Balshazzar's Feast" at the Metropolitan A. M. E. Church in Washington, Feb. 28th and March 1st. Prof. J. T. Layton will act as director.

Miss Adah Brown, of Chicago, who has achieved considerable distinction in Shakespearian roles supporting Charles Winter Wood will be tendered a benefit about the last of this month.

Miss Abbie W. Lyons ably directed a grand concert given Thursday night by the best local talent of New Orleans. The afiair was for the benefit of the New Orleans Light Guards. Mrs. Emma J. Dryer, Miss Mary Cayon, Miss M. L. Joseph and Messrs Chas. B. Wilson and E. A. Populus assisted.

Because occasional white patrons object to renting the same house that Negroes sometimes use, Fraiberg's Opera House can no longer be engaged by colored people. The colored amatuers had been practicing plays at this place from time to time and were always peaceful and orderly, oh, color, caste!

A recent Boston debutant is Miss Bettie Jones a pupil of Mme. Mitchell. "Bert Islew" says of her: There is the making of a good singer in Miss Jones, who has a very soft sweet voice, but more study and much practice will go a long way toward acomplishing this. She is tall and graceful and has a charming stage presence.

At the American Academy of Music, Philadelphia, the great "Star Combination" concert was given Febauary 6th. under the auspecies of Bethel and Allen Churches. Jennie R. Stewart, "The Star of the West;" the De Wolf Sisters, Miss Marie Sylke, Mr. Williams, Thomas Blont, Miss Mary Crawford participated in the exercises,

The newly organized literary and dramatic club of Cincinnati, Ohio, met Sunday last, and after adoptiog a constitution the following officers were elected to serve one year: C. W. Bell, president; T. A. Triplet, vice president; C. D. Horner, sceretary; Captain Ford Stith, treasurer; Powhartan Beaty, dramatic director; Charles Singer, musical direotor; S. B. Hill, A. J. De-Hart, J. S. McLeod, L. H. Wilson and S. Nesbit, board of directors. The club's prospects appear exceedingly bright.

As a fitting annual celebration the Abraham Lincoln No. 2. Knights of Pythias of Albany N. Y., last week presented the thrilling drama "Damon and Pythias," at the Academy of Music with the following cast:

Damon	B. J. Ford
Pythias	Chas. M. Van Buren
Dyonisius	D. E. Gault
Damocles	Jos W. Price
Philistius	Howard B. La Four
Procles	Roct. F. Douge
Lucullus	W. H. Briggs
Calnthe	Miss Capitlia Rogers
Hrimion	Miss Henreitta Rogers
Child of Damon	Miss Mamie Dorsey

The parts were well sustained, and each member of the company received hearty applause from the large audience. The stage was managed by Mr. Henry Pinckney.

A NEGRO NOBLEMAN.

Sir William Conrad Reeves, Chief Justice of Barbadoes, just knighted by Queen Victoria, is a colored man. His mother was a full-blooded negress. His father was a Scotch planter. The Chief-Justice began life as a printer. He has served as Solicitor and Attorney General of the colony, and resigned the last because of a disagreement with Gov. Sir John Hennessey on West Indian federation. He has served for six years as Chief Justice.

HISTORY OF NEGRO JOURNALISM.

Mr. I. Garland, Penn, principal of one of the public schools at Lynchburg, Va., and formerly editor of the Lychburg, Va., Laborer, is writing a history of Afro-American journalism and its editors. The history when completed will be published in book form under the title of "The Afro-American Press and its Editors." It will be a needed addition to race literature.

URGENT ADVOCACY OF RIGHT.

Some of our secular exchanges, as The Freeman, of Indianapolis, and the Planet, of Richmond, are doing some splendid work, in the interest of the Negro race. Their urgent advocacy of the right is bound to create a stronger sentiment against the oppressor.—Wilmington, N. C., Africo-American Presbyterian.

WM. H. STEWBRD, Esq.
Manager of the American Baptist.

THE BEST NEGRO JOURNAL.

What the Leading Newspapers of the Country Say and Think of the Freeman.

American Baptist says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis, Ind., is the only original illustrated paper published by colored men. It is a splendid specimen of typographical beauty, and regardless of its past political record merits the words of congratulation that we now extend.

Gate City Press says:

The boldest venture in Negro journalism is the handsomely illustrated eight-page Freeman, published at Indianapolis by E. E. Cooper. Last week's issue contained ten well executed large sized cuts of leading colored people, among whom are Mrs. Frances E. W. Harper, Mrs. Mary Ella Mossell, Miss Ida B. Wells (Iola), Hon. James M. Townsend, Edwin Fletcher Horn and others, also a scene representing a ticket seller at a prominent theater refusing to sell tickets in the parquet circle to pair of well dressed colored people on the ground that they were all sold, but a seedy looking Irishman who came up was told there were plenty of good seats left yet. Editor Cooper is surely shooting at the stars. But where will his arrow strike? Let us hope it will go straight to the sun. To succeed it would seem that the Negro must attempt the impossible nay, perform it. However brief his glory Editor Cooper can boast of the most pretentious newspaper yet published by a Negro.

Virginia Lancet says:

Decidedly the best newspaper in typographical make up and mechanical arrangement published by colored men in this country is the Freeman an illustrated independent journal issued every Saturday at Indianapolis, Ind. If our people desire a really good paper we advice them to subscribe to it. Among its contributors are many of the best Negro writers in this country.

Baptist Messenger Baltimore, Md., says:

We were greatly pleased to find among our exchanges the welcome face of The Freeman, an eight page paper published at Indianapolis, Indiana. Perusing its contents of intelligent and instructive articles we became convinced of its superiority as a paper of untold worth to its thousands of eager readers, and one that should find its way into the home of every colored family in this broad land.

The first page has an admirable wood cut engraving of the Hon. Frederick Douglass, the champion of equal rights and religious liberty, together with an article upon some of the sorest trials and political acheivments of this great defender of his race.

The Freeman is a harbinger of instruction and a beacon light in the phalanx of journalism; We wish it God speed.

The Baptist Leader, Selma, Alabama, says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis, Ind., is the most extensive paper both in size and information, published by colored people in the United States. It gathers news from the Lakes to the Gulf, from Maine to California, and watches the cables from the distant shores. It is a six column eight page weekly with cuts and biographical sketches of the leading men and women of our race.

The Star of Zion says:

The Indianapolis Freeman is certainly making a worthy record for itself as an illustrated Negro journal. It is the first enterprise of the kind ever undertaken, and deserves all the success it is likely to receive, and more. It is popular, able and vigorous in its editorial utterances. It is filling a long felt want, and we bid Brother Cooper Godspeed in his commendable effort.

The Philadelphia Sentinel says:

The initial pictorial journal of the race in the United States, so far as in known, has just been issued by Mr. Edward E. Cooper, a widely known Indiana newspaper man, who for the last two years has been the proprietor and editor of The Freeman, a strong and independent sheet published in Indianapolis. The paper has been made into an illustrated paper, with the same name The Freeman. The following mention of it is clipped from the Boston Morning Herald of the 17th inst.:

"It is a six column eight-page sheet. On the first page there is an engraving representing the colored Americans passing from slavery to emancipation The central figure is that of Abraham Lincoln unloosening the shackles from the limbs of the slaves. An excellen likeness of the Hon. Frederick Douglass adorns one page, and scenes from his life are given as follows: Mrs. Auld, his Mistress' daughter, teaching him to read; his first escape from slavery; found in the woods by his old friend "Sandy"; capture and imprisonment in jail; second escape and an encounter with a mob in Indiana; Marshall at President Garfield's administration; revisit to his old home in Maryland; his present home in Anacostia. There are other features in the paper which make it a most valuable journal for both white and black Americans who wish to keep themselves posted as to the progress of the race in all the departments of life." It is to be hoped that our people in Boston will take an interest in, and become subscribers for The Freeman. The subscription is $2.50 per year, and $1.35 for six months. It is well worth twice the amount, and we feel sure that after they

Ryder's No. 10 is the finest 10 cent cigar in the city. Ask your druggist for it.

The Indianapolis Journal says:

So far as we are acquainted with colored journalism, the best paper published in the interests of colored people is The Freeman, of this city. No other paper that we know of is doing as good work in the special field indicated. Its advocacy of the interests of the colored people is able and dignified, and its illustrated sketches of the colored literary men and women are excellently well conceived and executed.

Justice, Chattanooga, Tenn., says:

The Freeman, published at Indianapolis by the indefatigable never-to-be-discouraged Edward E. Cooper, has made a remarkable forward move. It is now an illustrated weekly and will undoubtedly succeed. It was always our opinion that if we should made our race journals just as good as papers conducted by white men, then our race papers would succeed. Mr. Cooper is solving that problem with success. Fertile in conception, a master of resources, we feel that Mr. Cooper will make his venture a success. To make it succeed we call on our friends to subscribe for the only "picture" paper published by colored men. One copy of the last issue is worth a year's subscription. A copy is on file in our office, and we will with pleasure take names and subscriptions. Mr. E. E. Cooper makes a capital editor. He is bright, quick, discriminating, sagacious, indefatigable and never "slops over." Industry is one of the great secrets of success, and wins in journalism as in other lines. We again wish success.

Huntsville Gazette says:

The current issue of The Freeman the only illustrated colored newspaper of the world, is highly creditable to its proprietor, Edward E. Cooper, and a gratification to the growing spirit of race pride among colored Americans. It is adorned with portraits of some of our literary colored women and also of Edwin F. Horn, the talented editor of Justice of Chatanooga and John J. Irvine, Clerk of Circuit Court, Chatanooga, Tenn., who is also distinguished as a machinist.

The Freeman is published at Indianapolis, Ind. Subscription price $2.40 a year $1.35 six months, and is well worth the money.

The Dallas, Texas, Enterprise, has this to say:

The Freeman, of Indianapolis, Ind., in its new dress, as a weekly illustrrated paper is before us and if it maintains its present standard of excellence, will surpass all efforts heretofore made by colored journalists. We wish it a long and prosperous career.

MRS. JANE E. McKAMEY.
Matron, State University.

RFV. P. H. KENNEDY.
General Missionary for the State of Kentucky.

REV. D. A. GODDEE,
Secretary of the Board of Trustees, and Member of the Jubilee Committee.

MRS. MANIE E. STEWARD.
Teacher of Vocal and Instrumental Music, State University, and Treasurer of the Board of Managers.

REV. CHAS. H. PARRISH, A. B.
Secretary and Treasurer, State University, and Professor of Greek.

MISS LUCY W. SMITH.
Principal Model School, State University, and Secretary of Children's Bands.

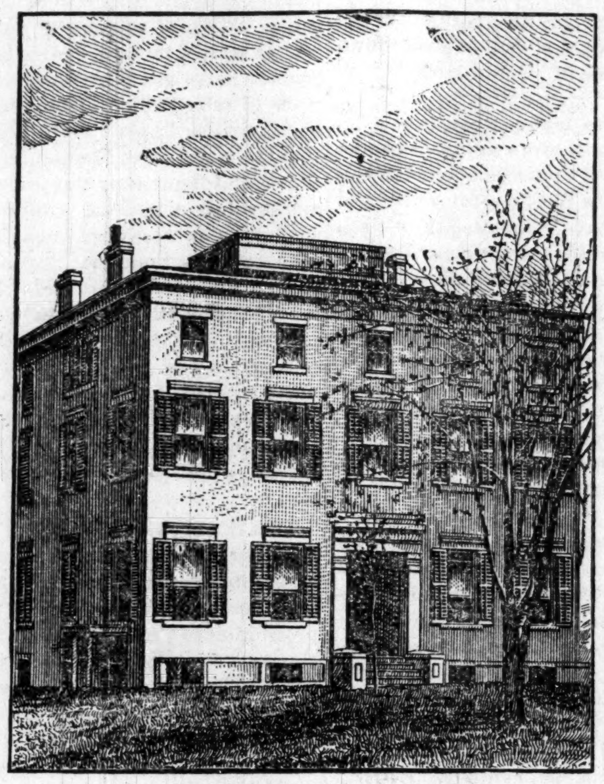
JOHN H. DAWSON, A. B., LL. B.
Professor of Latin, State University.

PROF. MARY V. COCK, A. B.
Principal Normal Department, of State University, and Professor of Latin and Mathematics, Corresponding Secretary of B. W. E. Convention.

MISS LIZZIE CRITTENDEN.
Chairman Board of Managers, and Assistant Secretary of the Babtist Women's Educational Convention.

CHAS. F. SNEED, A. B.
Dean of the College Department and Professor of Mathematics, State University.

MRS. CHAS. F. SNEED, A. B.
Instructor in Sciences and English branches Normal Department, State University.



STATE UNIVERSITY,
Louisville, Ky.

MISS IONE E. WOOD, A. B.
Instructor in Greek in Normal Department, State University.

MRS. AMANDA V. NELSON.
President Baptist Women's Educational Convention.

Among the applicants for postmaster at Tyler, Texas, is a colored man.

Henry Anderson, of Findley, Ohio, won a $1,000 foot race, last week.

The Louisville National Medical College is a success.

W. A. Bettis, of Wichita, is assistant doorkeeper of the Kansas Senate,

It is said that a new deal "half way round" will be made in the Louisville colored schools next June.

E. D. Long, of Chicago, claims an office on the ground that he once saved Gen. Harrison's life in Washington.

There were thirty conversions among the students of the Tuskegee Normal school during a recent week of prayer.

R. J. Johnson, of Newport, Ky., is the inventor of a new car heater, which bids fair to revolutionize the business.

Major Poole, the oldest colored saloon keeper in New York City, has opened a new establishment, with elegant furnishings.

The Colored Women's Republican Club of New York City, talk of chartering a car to go to Washington to attend the inauguration.

The Cuban Gian s Base Ball Aggrega tion are negotiating for games at Jacksonville, Savannah, Charleston, Richmond and Washington.

J. Willis Menard has published a pamphlet on tho "Southern Problem." It is said to be a calm, despassionate consideration of that great question.

The friends of the St. Louis Emigrant will give a concert for its benefit on the 11th inst. The program announced for the occasion embraces much that is meritorious.

The Lavendan Rifles, of New Orleans, were presented with a handsome silk flag, Monday night, by their lady friends, Miss Rose Martin delivering the presentation address.

Billy Nelson, the colored American pugilist, of Duluth, has posted $200 and challenged Cardiff or Fell to fight him for $500 a side at either Duluth, Ashland or Minneapolis.

Burt Wilson, a colored student of the Lombard University, Galesburg, Ill., a couple of weeks ago won the firsl prize at an oratorical contest. The white contestants were from several States.

The Union Club of Kansas City, Mo,, banqueted it friends, last Friday night. The menu was very elaborate. Mr. Daniel Lucas presided, and Mrs. Daniel Frances was master of ceremonies.

Charleston, S. C,, has the largest body of colored troops of any city in the Union. There are two regiments (twenty companies) of infantry and five cavalry companies, all uniformed and equipped.

Barnes, the jockey, rode eighteen winners at the New Orleans meeting before the holidays, making his total score of winning mounts for 1888, 220, putting him ahead of any other American jockey.

The Autumn Club, of Chicago, Ill., gave a grand masguerade, Thursday evening The Autumn is the leading society organization of the "Garden City," and its entertainments are always noteworthy affairs.

Mr. John Williams, of the Lincoln High School, Kansas City, Mo., who stands at the head of his classes, has not only earned enough to pay his expenses in school, but taken stock in the building and loan association.

The colored people of Chichgo, feeling that their afflicted Negroes do not receive fair treatment at the hands of white nurses at the public hospitals, are talking up one for colored people exclusively. Can not justic be done without drawing the color line?

Gen. W. S. Lee, of S. Carolina, is the only colored Brigadier in the United States. He will command a picked company of militiamen in the inaugural demonstration. The General was at one time Speaker of the South Carolina House of Representatives.

The Colton Yard Men's Association of New Orleans. La , is rapidly becoming a powerful organization. The association was organized January 11, 1880, and incorporated May 12, the same year. It has over 600 financial members and annually disburses nearly seven thousand dollars.

J. W. Whipper, the regular Republican candidate for Probate Judge of Beaufort county, S. C., was defeated at the late election by the candidate of the fusionists. Whipper refused to surrender the court records after his contest had failed, and has been jailed for contempt. Both candidates were colored.

The following is going the rounds: "Hon. James M. Trotter, Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia, will, it is stated, tender his resignation shortly after President Harrison is inaugurated. Recorder Trotter is a Democrat, so he says, and will not give up his politics to remain in office."

Daniel Johnson is another Kansas City, Mo., (colored) inventor. He has been granted the right to manufacture and sell for a period of seventeen years a rotary dining table the only thing of its kind in existence. He also has invented an improved cotton chopper, and grass receiver to be attached to lawn mower.

The annual reunion of the Detroit High School Alumni took the form of a banquet this year, and among the three hundred that sat down to the spread at the Wayne Hotel, last Friday night, were, Mr. Wm. Ferguson and wife, Messrs. R. and Pelham, Miss Meta Pelham, and Miss Azalia Smith accompanied by Mr. Wm, Johnson. It was a eighly enjoyable affair and was much preferred to the usual dancing reunion.

THE COSPEL TRUTH.

The most difficult part in conducting a newspaper is paying the bills.—Africo-American Presbyterian.

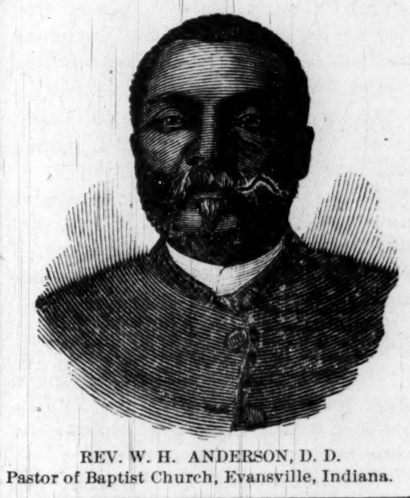
JAMES STEWARD, Esq.,
Of New Jersey.

A GREAT JUBILEE.

The State University of Kentucky Out of Debt and the Outlook for the School Promising---Portraits of Some of the Workers---Facts and Figures.

The State University of Louisville, Ky., has just celebrated with a grand Jubilee, and proudly does it boast of being out of debt—an unusual thing for colored schools and churches. The history of this great school would be interesting, indeed, if written, and we opine that Dr. Simmons will yet write it. So we cannot give the readers of The Freeman a history of the University and they must be satisfied to read a few facts and figures between the lines and look at the portraits of those who have contributed to its success. The American Baptist in its report, says:

This Jubilee was in commemoration of the fact that the institution has paid every dollar of the property debt. It was the last great effort to raise $2,000 of the $5,000 floating debt. We are out of the woods. When '89 closes we hope never again to assail the public ear nor beg a miserly hand. The heroes and heroines are trotting in now for the honors. What was a fragile, weak and sickly child has grown up to be a great big strong whopping fellow. Who has nurtured him? Who has fostered him most is the question now. Some claim one, some another. The president, the trustees and the people have done the work. It is like that piece in the Bible about the members of the body. All have been necessary, all have been essential in the prosecution of the educational work. The origan of the work is shrouded in darkness. We would like to know all the facts concerning the affair. If any man has authenticated evidence please submit it. We want to embalm it. We are going to write the history of the State University some day. It is an educational feature of our race."



REV. W. H. ANDERSON, D. D.
Pastor of Baptist Church, Evansville, Indiana.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The Commissioner of Patents sent to Congress his annual report. It shows that during the last calendar year there were issued to Indiana inventors 494 patents, or one patent for every 4,004 persons in the State. The per cent. of inventive genius ranks highest in Colorado, there having been one patent issued to every 820 persons. The District of Columbia comes next, with one patent for every 830 persons.

The President has nominated Jesse D. Abrahams, of Virginia, to be Comptroller of the Treasury.

The bill creating a new cabinet office was agreed upon in conference, the Senate conference having receded from their objection to the amendment transferring the geoligical survey and the fishery commission to the new department, so that the two houses split the difference and the bill will now become a law. The Senators might not have consented to these concessions if it had not become known that General Harrison wanted the bill passed in order to give him another appointment.

The Senate further debated the British extradition treaty nearly three hours and it was finally rejected. It has been supposed by some that with the objectionable political offenses section stricken out it might pass, especially as it was conceded on all sides that a treaty for the extradition of embezzlers and forgers was greatly to be desired by the United States; but, the striking out of the objectionable clause would not remove that subject from the field of negotiations, nor would the reference of the treaty to a committee, with the understanding that it should not be reported, dispose of it. So it was finally rejected.

President Cleveland will return to the city of New York to reside on the expiration of his term of office, and will, on March 5, resume the practice of his profession in New York city, having associated himseif as counsel with the law firm of Bangs, Stetson, Tracy & McVeagh.

German spies are alleged to keep Bismarck fully posted on all important matters transpiring in the United States War and Navy Departments.

The reduction in the public debt during January amounted to $12,216,248. The total debt now, less cash in the treasury, amounts to $1,111,845,978.

Senator Evart's special committee reported on the Texas election outrages. They recommend careful revision of the existing laws regulating elections of members of Congress, and an examination of the proposed legislation pertinent to the same subjects which have been proposed in Congress, with the view of providing for a more complete protection of the exercise of the elective franchise by act of Congress, and more efficient provisions for the punishment of offenses against it.

The German minister at Washington informed Secretary Bayard that Prince Bismarck wanted a resumption at Berlin, of the conference held in Washington in the summer of 1887, between the German and British Ministers and Mr. Bayard. This information was furnished to the press by Secretary Bayard with the statement that it was all he could say on the subject at present. Senator Frye says this Government will be very foolish if it consents to the conference. "If Germany wants to renew the conference." said he, "let Prince Bismrck send his agent here. It is not for us to go to Berlin in search of him. But if a conference is to be held in Berlin," continued the Senator, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "I want to see Ben Butler sent over there to represent us. He would be a good match for Bismarck."

Canada has a public debt of over $200,000,000. If Uncle Sam marries this maiden it will surely be for love, not for money.—New York Herald.

You can always trust a deaf man to hear what you wouldn't for the world have him know you ever said.—Somerville Journal.

TWO VALENTINES.

Love, at your door young Cupid stands
And knocks for you to come;
The frost is on his feet and hands,
His lips with cold are numb.
Grant him admittance, sweetheart mine,
And by your cheering fire.
His lips shall loosen as with wine.
And speak forth my desire.

He left me not an hour ago,
And when the rascal went
Barefooted out into the snow
I asked him whither bent.
Quoth he: "To her whose face is like
A garden full of flowers,
To her whose smiles like sunlight strike
Across the winter hours."

No more he said, nor need of more
Had I to know. I know
His path lay straight unto your door—
That face belongs to you.
"Godspeeds," I cried, "and give her this
When you her face shall see";
And on his lips I set a kiss,
A Valentine from me!

THE MISER OUTWITTED.

A Forester, gayly attired, with bow and baldric, and having, moreover, a good humored expression on his countenance, which could not fail to win confidence, was sauntering leisurely along on the road to Nottingham, when his attention was arrested by the sight of a young man sitting on the great stone in front of a small cottage, who appeared to be in deep affliction.

"What's the matter, my good friend?" he said, stopping short in the song he was carrolling. "Hast lost all thy relations? If so, prithee why so glum? Ten to one they're not worth weeping."

"You have mistaken the cause of my grief," replied the other, scarcely lifting his head.

"Tell me, then, what it is."

"If I did, you could not help me."

"How knowest thou that, fair sir?" queried the forester.

"Because you are not likely to have eighty pounds, and that is the sum I need."

"I am not so sure of that. However, explain thy troubles. For what is this money needed?"

"It is but a sad story, but it may lighten my heart to tell it. So if you will take a seat by my side, you shall know all."

The forester took a seat upon the flat stone and the young man began as follows:

"It may chance that you have heard of old Hugh Stamford, of Nottingham."

"The miser?"

"Yes."

"I hope you have no dealings with him. He would rob his grandmother, and send her out to starve, without compunction."

"Yes; it is of him that my trouble comes. You must know that this cottage, and the land about it, was bought by my father of this same Hugh Stamford. He was to pay the money in five years, otherwise it was to be forfeited."

"And what was the price demanded by Hugh Stamford?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Go on with your story. Did he manage to do as he agreed?"

"Yes; four years. About a year ago my poor father died. Just before he died, he called me to his bedside, and told me that but twenty pounds remained to be paid, and these would not be due for nearly y a ear, as he had made the fourth payment but a short time previous. He was about to say more, when he fell back and died."

"As soon as the funeral was over, I thought I would search for the receipts for the money already paid, but my father had put them away so securely that they could not anywhere be found. However, I did not trouble myself much about that, for I knew the money had been paid.

"Yesterday, being a week to the time when the last payment is to be made, I went to Nottingham to see Hugh Stamford. I foolishly let him know that I could not find the receipts, and asked him to make out a new one for the whole. But he swore roundly that my father had never paid him a penny, and told me that if I did not pay him the full hundred pounds in a week, that he should take the farm and cottage from me. Now, as I have no friends to lend me the money, and cannot find the eirecpts, he has me at his mercy, and I must even resign myself to give all up. I should not care for myself, but my poor wife and little child!"

And the young man once more dropped his head upon his hands.

"Nay, my good friend, cheer up," quoth the forester. "Thou mayest find the documents."

"Little hope of that," said his companion, shaking his head.

"Then I will lend thee the money."

"You!" exclaimed Martin (for this was the young man's name) looking up in extreme astonishment.

"Marry, and wherefore not?"

"You do but jest with me."

"It is not my wont to jest at misfortune."

"But have you—"

"Have I the sum sufficient, you would ask. See here."

And the forester drew out his pouch, and counted out eighty pounds.

"Generous stranger, you have saved me," said Martin, overjoyed. "I will work my fingers to the bone, but that I see thee repaid. If thou wilt come in with me, I will give thee an acknowlment of this sum."

"It is needless. I will trust to thy honesty."

"But—"

"I insist that it shall be so. Marry, cannot one man trust another?"

Martin began to pour out his grateful tnanks, when the forester interruped him by asking at what time he expected Hugh Stamford to come for his money.

"He is to be here next Thursday, at eleven of the clock."

"It is well."

The forester here turned to go.

"May I not know to whom I am indebted for this timely assistance?" asked Martin.

"You will know some time, my good friend," said the forester, gaily, as he resumed his walk.

Martin re-entered the cottage to tell his wife of the unexpected good fortune which had come to relieve him of his embarrassment.

On the next Thursday morning, Hugh Stamford set for h from Nottingham to visit his debt r. He was an old man with pinched features, which wore a look of blended avarice and cunning. He rode a broken-down hack, which he had purchased for little or nothing, and kept as near starvation as herself. Indeed it was a piece of extravagance in the old miser to keep a horse at all, but he was in a measure forced to it by his lameness which prevent his walking any distance. He was wont, however, to complain how much it cost him to keep his horse. The old man's features wore a look of unusual joy as he rode slowly on this particular morning.

"It was lucky" chuckle l he to himself, "that young Martin lost his receipts. It has put eighty good pounds into my pocket, and more, for the farm is worth more now than it was. But if folks will be careless it is their own look out. He must blame himself and not me."

By this time he had reached the cottage and with some difficulty dismounted.

Now Martin determined to try whether the old man would really take the unjust advantage he had threatened, resolved at first to pretend that he had not got the money for him. Accordingly, when Hugh Stamford entered the cottage, he beheld young Martin with a very disconsolate look, sitting beside the table with his head resting upon it.

"Good morning, Master Martin," said he scarcely concealing his joy, for he felt that the farm was already his.

"Good morning," returned Martin, soberly.

"Have you got the eighty pounds for me?—I mean the hundred?

"Good sir," said Martin, "I pray you to deal mercifully with me. I beseech you to bethink yourself if you do not remember how my father paid you twenty pounds at four several times making eighty in all."

"How should I remember what never happened?" said Hugh Stamford roughly.

"But I am sure it did happen," said Martin, "for my father himself told me upon his death-bed."

"He was out of his head then," said Hugh.

"Nay, for he retained his senses perfectly to the last."

"In that case, said the miser, exultingly, "perhaps you will show me the receipts."

"But I have already told you that they are lost. I have been searching for them everywhere, but have not been able to find them."

"And a good reason why. You might search till doomsday. But I cannot wait here. Have you got money?"

"I beseech you, good sir, at least give me a month's time, so that if I do not find the receipts in the meantime, I may try to borrow the money of some friend."

"I cannot grant your request."

"Give me a week, then."

"Not a day," said the miser, impatiently. "Since you can't pay the money, the farm is mine, and you must move away before the sun goes down."

"Nay; not so fast," said Martin, in a different tone. "I did not tell you I could not pay it. Since you insist on being paid twice, just write your receipt."

"You—you have not the money," stammered the disappointed miser.

"Yes; but I have though," said Martin, drawing out a bag of gold. "And now, old man, do your work quickly, or by my father's memory you shall no longer cumber my house—mine, do you hear?"

With an air of impotent vexation, Hugh Stamford drew from his pocket the receipt which he had already drawn up, but which he had no thought that he should be obliged to use.

Martin toid down upon the latter one hundred good pounds, and in turns took the receipt, which he took care to examine thoroughly, to make sure that there had been no trickery about it. But it was in due form.

"And now," said Martin, menacingly, "I c n dispense with your company. Get you gone."

The old man shambled out of the house, and, mounting upon his wretched steed, set out on his return to the city, considerably less elated than when he had started.

But his troubles were not yet all over. He had scarce got half a mile from the cottage, when a stout man, clad in Lincoln green, started from a covert by the side of the road. He sprang forward and seized Huge Stamford's horse. The old man tried to spur his horse to a gallop; but the poor creature who was half-starved, had but little spirit, and instead of increasing his speed, stood stock-still.

"What want you of me?" asked the old man in affright.

"Just one hundred pounds," was the answer.

"I—I have not that amount about me," said Hugh, uneasily. "It is more than I possess."

"That is a falsehood," said the man in Lincoln green, sternly. "It is scarce fifteen minutes since you had that sum paid to you. Best give me what I demand or I will examine thy purse and, mayhap, find more."

Now it happened that Hugh did have nearly two hundred pounds about him, and, fearing to loose all, reluctantly gave up the purse he had last received.

"Now," said the other as he released him, "let this be a warning to you how you try to cheat honest people. Eighty pounds of these hundred you have filched from young Martin, and the remainder I exact as a fine for your dishonesty."

So saying, he turned away, and old Hugh Stamford, wringing his hands for very grief at his loss, made the best of his way back to Nottingham.

The next morning, young Martin found at his door a piece of paper, which on examination, proved to be a receipt in full for the eighty pounds which had been lent him by his unknown visitor of the week previous. Unknown no longer, however, for at the bottom of the scrap of paper was signed in good round letters the name of "Robin Hood."

Captain Isaac Bassett.

Captain Bassett, the veteran doorkeeper of the United States Senate, is the oldest officer in the public service. He and his good wife have celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Captain Isaac Bassett is the oldest officer in continuous service in the employ of the government. He is 69 years of age, and has spent fifty-seven of those years in the employ of the Senate. He entered the service of the body as a page, receiving his first appointment upon the recommendation of Daniel Webster. His figure is better known in the Senate chamber than that of any other individual. He is a hale and hearty man, erect as an Indian and as active as many men who have not half his years. He rarely misses a session. He is the first to enter the chamber every day and the last to leave. The desks and chairs are religiously guarded by him. He knows the history of each and can tell who have occupied each particular chair and desk for the past half century. He will not, however, impart this information to any one. He has private marks on desks and chairs that are registered in a book into whose pages none are permitted to look. Whether the Captain will permit this knowledge to be communicated to those who may follow him is uncertain. The vandal relec hunter is what horrifies the Captain. He would prefer to see the desks of Cass, Calhoun, Clay, Webster, and other great statesmen who have preceded and followed them, burned in the Capitol park, than mutilated in the chamber. These desks are built of the best mahogany and of uniform pattern. Every desk made for the Senate since the establishment of the seat of government at Washington is still performing service. The same is true of most of the chairs. A few of the latter were broken down with heavy service, and, as they were beyond repair, were reluctantly removed by the veteran Bassett. The ponderous David Davis crushed one of them. Bassett had a special chair made for Davis, but the big Senator would sometimes, in wandering about the chamber, seat himself in a fellow Senator's chair. After he had crushed through one of these and was forced to "assume the floor" in a very undignified manner, he was particularly careful about depositing himself and looked well to the strength of the chair before sitting down. Captain Bassett's place is at the left of the presiding officer, and he is always there. When communications are presented from the House or from the President, the Clerk of the former or Secretary of the latter are formally introduced to the presiding officer by the doorkeeper. This is a duty which Captain Bassett reserves for himself, and thousands who have from time to time visited the Senate galleries will doubtless recall the tall and erect figure of the gray-haired man who stood under the clock at the south of the main entrance to the Senate chamber and who, bowing with a genuflection that marks the devotee, exclaimed in a loud tone: "A message from the President of the United States."

Growth of Hair After Death.

Newark Evening News.

A remarkable case of the growth of hair after burial came to light last week at the disinterment of the body of Amsi Coeyman, who died in Belleville over four years ago and was buried in an old private cemetery of the Coeyman family on the River road. When Mr. Coeyman died his beard was about two inches ng, the hair upon his head was the usual length worn during life. When the coffin was taken up last week for reburial in Mount Pleasant Cemetery it was discovered that the beard had grown the length of two feet, and that the hair upon the head had also grown out from the sides and front of the face, completey obscuring the latter from veiw. When brushed back it was found that not only the face but also the body were in a remarkable stat of preservation.

STOCKHOLDERS AND DIRECTORS.

New York Snn.

When mismangement results in ruin, it naturally provokes an outcry from those who suffer by it. This is what is happening in the case of the great railroad companies which have reduced or are passing them altogether. Stockholders who listened apathetically to warnings of impending disaster from the conduct of their officers, so long as they were only warnings, cannot find words strong enough to express their feelings, now that the predicted disaster has arrived. The editorials of the Sun on the subject are welcomed by them as the lady who was left by the train welcomed the vigorous but profane remarks of the passenger of the male sex who was left along with her. Nothing has come to pass which has not been repeatedly foretold for months and even years, and yet nobody, apparently, is so much surprised as those who ought to have been the first to take the alarm.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his recent address to the Commercial Club of Boston, spoke very truthfully and plainly of the mischief caused by the excessive overbuilding of competing lines of railroads, although he specially blamed the Inter-State Commerce act for aggravating the trouble. Less diplomatic and more outspoken men go further than he did, and attribute to that same selfish desire of promoting personal interests which, he says, causes overbuilding, the fierce and otherwise inexplicable wars of rates which have resulted in such terrible losses. It is boldly said that these wars are commenced for the purpose of depressing the prices of the stocks affected, and are continued just so long as is necessary to enable those who conduct them to buy back what they had previously sold. From its very nature this assertion cannot be proved, and without proof it ought not to be made, and yet the fact that it is made and is believed by so many people reveals a general lack of confidence in the honesty of officers of railroad companies, which must have some foundation.

That the mismanagement of railroad property is not necessarily a part of a scheme to depress stocks, and, therefore, that measures which result in their depression need not be attributed exclusively to an intention to produce it, is too plain to require argument. A railroad officer may do things injurious to the interests of his constituents for various reasons. He may be simply incapable, which is oftenest the case. First-rate ability in any profession is scarce, and the ability to manage a railroad well is probably the most scarce. He may be weak, and influenced by vanity or by personal resentment, and his stockholders suffer by it no less than if he were dishonest. Or, he may have great schemes in his head which, if fortune favors, will turn out spendidly but which under adverse influence lead to disaster as complete as if it had been aimed at. It is said that a blunder is worse than a crime, and, certainly, it often does as much if not more mischief.

The career of the late John W. Garrett is an illustration of the way in which a man of ability, but with a mistaken view of his duties to his stockholders, may dissipate their property in futile enterprises and sow the seeds of misfortunes which only long afterward come to maturity. Mr. Garrett took charge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at a time when the country was in a state of rapid development, and when, consequently, every railroad in it was making money. The Baltimore and Ohio, like the Pennsylvania and the New York Central Companies, enjoyed, for a series of years, great prosperity, and its earnings were large. Instead of dividing these earnings among the stockholders or giving them new stock to represent them, Mr. Garrett diverted them to works which he fancied would prove indirectly remunerative to the company, and alse beneficial to the city of Baltimore. The capital of his company was kept down to its original small amount, and the dividends on it were limited to ten per cent. per annum. The result was that while the profit and loss surplus in the company's balance sheet showed a steady growth, having risen from $17,500,000 in 1866 to $48,000,000 in 1886, the stockholders got nothing to show for it. Mr. Garrett used to poin with pride year after year in his annual reports to this surplus, and congratulate his stockholders upon his own wise management of their affairs as contrasted with that of the Presidents of rival companies who were foolishly increasing their share capital, thus making it more difficult to maintain their dividends. He did not tell them, because he did not see it himself, that their own dividend-paying ability was not helped by investing their money in unproductive enterprises. In fact, when the pinch came, as it did in 1877, the payment of cashdividends had to be suspended and stock issued instead. Even in this form the rate was reduced from ten per cent. per annum to eight per cent., and remained there for several years. Finally, as we all know, the company had to stop paying dividends altogether, and was only saved from going into the hands of a receiver by the most strenuous exertions of Mr. Morgan. Mr. Garrett enjoyed his self-congratulations and the applause of his fellow Baltimoreans to the day of his death but it is now seen that his management was as bad as bad could be, and could not have been more disastrous if it had been dishonest.

It is to Mr. Garrett's credit that he never was accused of operating in the stock of his conpany, nor of taking measures which could be ascribed to the desire to depress or raise the price of it. His error was the common one of men in his position, of assuming that he was, as it were, the real owner of the company's property, and that his fellow stockholders were only admitted by his favor to share in its profits, and therefore, like junior partners in a mercantile firm, should accept gratefully and without murmur whatever the head of the house was graciously pleased to allow them. This is the view which seems to be taken most frequently by any man or set of men nowadays who once get control of a corporation. They proceed to direct its affairs with regard solely to their personal interests, and they resent interference or even supervision by those stockholders who are not of their number as an impertinence. There are hundreds of institutions the officers of which never think of making reports to their constituents nor of answering their inquiries otherwise than in the most general way. If anything decidedly favorable or unfavorable occurs they hasten to buy or sell the stock before the news leaks out, and the idea of imparting the information to the buyer or the seller, so as to put him on an equal footing with themselves, they scout as absurd.

It is the same in regard to their own dealings with the company. They buy from it and sell to it on the most favorable terms for themselves that they can, and I well remember the astonishment with which a highly respectable director of a railroad company once heard a suggestion from me that it was not the proper thing for him to be furnishing locomotives to the company even though he did it at as low a price as any other maker would. He failed to comprehend why he should not have the business and the profit growing out of it, for the very reason that he was a director, and was, therefore, in a measure, entitled to it. Mayor Hewitt, when he was a trustee of the Brooklyn Bridge, would not even allow his firm to bid for iron work for the bridge, offered for public competion, so scrupulous was he not to put himself into a position where he should be subject to a divided duty. Most people, I suspect, will look upon this as mere crankiness, but I do not. It seems to me to be only the healthy sensitiveness which every man should have in regard to such matters.

In theory—and it ought to be so in practice—the directors and officers of corporations are trustees for the stockholders, and, like other trustees, they are, both in law and in morals, subject to the rules which govern all trustees.

hey have no right to deal, for their own benefit, with the property in their charge, nor to use it for the gratification of their personal feelings. They are bound to administer it for the profit of their beneficiaries, and to account to them for everything they do. If this view of their duty were more generally prevalent we should have fewer occasions than we have to complain of rate wars, of excessive extensions of lines, and of stock-jobbing manipulation. Unfortunately, the disregard of it has become so common that I can only counsel investors to select for their purchases the shares of companies the officers of which come the nearest to acting upon it.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that shareholders are often unreasonable in demanding from their directors and officers a degree of fidelity, disinterestedness, and ability which poor human nature does not furnish. With the best intention to avoid them, mistakes will occur, and a railroad manager is not exempt from liabilty to them. Nor has a stockholder the right to expect that a Board of Directors composed of men, each of whom has his own private business to attend to, shall neglect everything else and devote themselves exclusively to the affairs of the corporation. It is not a question of what they ought to do, but of what they are likely to do, and for my own part, I share the sentiments of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, at a late period of his belligerent life, made this confession to his biographer, Boswell: "As I know more of mankind I expect less of them, and am ready, now, to call a man a good man upon easier terms than I was formerly." MATTHEW MARSHALL.

A Workingman's Views of Newspapers.

Albany Journal.

A workingman in this city who was complaining of hard times recently was asked how he could afford to take a daily newspaper. "Well," said he. "I hope I shall never be too poor to take a paper. I thought I was too poor for ten years after I was married. My wife suggested that I take a paper regularly, and I did so, and it was the most economical stroke of my life. It kept me home evenings, afforded me pleasure and instruction and was a comfort to the whole family. I had to stop the use of tobacco for a whole year in order to pay for the paper, and the result was that I have not cared for tobacco since, and in that one item I have saved enough to pay for several daily papers. So long as I have money enough to buy bread with I will have money enough to pay for my newspaper."

MAX O'RELL.

Things Noted by the Keen-Eyed Frenchman While Visiting the United States.

The American men are generally thin. Their faces glow with intelligence and energy, and in this mainly consists their handsomeness. I do not think it can be possible to see anywhere a finer assemblage of men than that which meets at the Century Club, of New York, every first Saturday of the month. It is not male beauty, such as the Greeks portrayed it, but a manly beauty in all its intellectual force. The hair, often abundant, is neglige, sometimes even disordered-looking; the dress displays taste and care, without aiming at elegance; the face is pale and serious, but lights up with an amiable smile; you divine that resolution and gentleness live in harmony in the American cha acter. The well-bred American is to my mind a happy combination of the Frenchman and the Englishman, having less stiffness than the latter, and more simplicity than the former.

As for the women, I do not hesitate to say that in the East, in New York especially, they might perfectly well be taken for French women. It is the same type, the same gait, the same vivacity, the same petulance, the same amplitude of proportions. The beauty of the American women, like that of the men, is due much more to the animation of the face than to form or coloring. The average of good looks is very high, indeed. I do not remember to have seen one hopelessly plain woman during my six months' ramble through the States.

To the American woman the diamond is not an object of luxury; it is an object of prime necessity. An English old maid would do without her tea before an American woman would go without her diamonds. Diamonds, at night with evening dre s and artificial light, are things of beauty; but diamonds in the street with morning dress, at early breakfast in company with morning wrappers; diamonds in the ears, at the neck, in the bonnet strings, on arms, on fingers—diamonds all day long and everywhe e; it is a remnant of savagery. Nay, I saw diamonds on shoe buckles one day in one of the fashionable shops of Union square. Diamonds are worn by the woman of fashion, the tradesman's wife, shop girls, work girls, servants—all the womankind. If you see a shabbily dressed woman who has not a pair in her ears you may take it for granted that she has put them in pawn.

Decollete toilets are universal in America, old ladies vying with young in the display of neck and shoulders. It is true the Americans are not peculiar in this. Many times in a European ball room have I longed to exclaim: "Ladies, throw a veil over the past, I pray you."

The wives of men with middle-class incomes imitate the luxury of the millionaire's wife. I expected to find it so; in a democratic country frogs try to swell into oxen. They puff themselves out until they burst, or rather until their husbands burst. In France always, and in England when he will let her, a wife keeps an eye on her husband's interests. In America she often lays hands on his capital.

Upon the strength of a six months' stay in America one would hardly attempt to deliver a verdict on the political system of the country. I think, however, that it may safely be affirmed that the English are a freer people than the Americans; that the constitutional—I had almost said republican—monarchy of England is preferable to the authoritative democracy of America.

The well-read, well-bred American is the most delightful of men; good society in America is the wittiest, most genial, and most hospitable I have met with.

But the more I travel, and the more I look at other na ions, the more confirmed I am in my opinion that the French are the happiest people on earth.

The Cabinet in Session.

St. Nicholas.

The President presides, seated at the head of the long table, facing north, on his right are seated the Secretary of State, the Secretary of War, and Postmaster-General; on his left are the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of the Navy, and the Attorney-General; and opposite to him, at the foot of the table, is the Chair of the Secretary of the Interior. The private secretary occupies a seat at a small desk facing the southern window and near the President. This arrangement is not in accordance with the order of precedence observed by Congress in establishing the Presidential succession. If the Attorney-General and Secretary of the Navy should change seats, bringing the former fourth and the latter sixth,—the rank alternating across the table,—the order would be strictly correct.

The sessions of the Cabinet are informal affairs. No persons except those named are permitted to enter the room during the councils, and no official record of the proceedings is kept. The business done or discussed covers all leading subjects belonging to the various branches of administration on which the President may desire information or advice,—department reports concerning special matters of importance, appointments to office, and questions of general administrative policy.

A close call—The cry of the ragman.

KING SOLOMON'S MINES.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

SOLOMON'S ROAD.

When we had gone about half a mile we came to the edge of the plateau, for the nipple of the mountain did not rise out of its exact center, though from the desert side it seemed to do so. What lay below us we could not see, for the landscape was weathered in billows of morning mist. Presently, however, the higher layers of mist cleared a little, and revealed some five hundred yards beneath us, at the end of a long slope of snow, a patch of green grass, through which a stream was running. Nor was this all. By the stream, basking in the morning sun, stood and lay a group of from ten to fifteen large antelopes—at that distance we could not see what they were.

The sight filled us with an unreasoning joy. There was food in plenty if only we could get it. But the question was how to get it. The beasts were fully six hundreds yards off, a very long shot, and one not be depended on when one's life hung on the results.

Rapidly we discussed the advisability of trying to stalk the game, but finally reluctantly dismissed it. To begin with the wind was not favorable, and, further, we should be certain to be perceived, however careful we were, against the blinding background of snow, which we should be obliged to traverse.

"Well, we must have a try from where we are," said Sir Henry. "Which shall it be, Quatermain, the repeating rifles or the expresses?"

Here again was a question. The Winchester repeaters—of which we had two, Umbopa carrying poor Ventvogel's as well as his own—were sighted up to a thousand yards, whereas the expresses were only sighted to three hundred and fifty, beyond which distance shooting with them was more or less guess work. On the other hand, if they did hit, the express bullets being expanding, were much more likely to bring the game down. It was a knotty point, but I made up my mind that we must risk it and use the expresses.

"Let each of us take the buck opposite to him. Aim well at the point of the shoulder, and high up," said I; "an Umbopa do you give the word, so that we may all fire together."

Then came a pause, each man aiming his level best, as indeed one is likely to do when one knows that life depends upon the shot.

"Fire!" said Umbopa, in Zulu, and at almost the same instant the three rifles rang out loudly; three clouds of smoke hung for a moment before us, and a hundred echoes went flying away over the silent snow. Presently the smoke cleared, and revealed—oh, joy!—a great buck lying on its back and kicking in its death agony. We gave a yell of triumph—we were saved, we should not starve. Weak as we were, we rushed down the intervening slope of snow, and in ten minutes from the time of firing the animal's heart and liver were lying smoking before us. But now a new difficulty arose, we had no fuel, and therefore could make no fire to cook them at. We gazed at each other in dismay.

"Starving men must not be fanciful," said Good; "we must eat raw meat."

There was no other way out of the dilemma, and our gnawing hunger made the proposition less distasteful than it would otherwise have been. So we took the heart and liver and buried them for a few minutes in a patch of snow to cool them. Then we washed them in the ice-cold water of the stream, and lastly eat them greedily. It sounds horrible enough, but honestly I never tasted anything so good as that raw meat. In a quarter of an hour we were changed men. Our life and our vigor came back to us, our feeble pulses grew strong again; and the blood went coursing through our veins. But mindful of the results of overfeeding on starving stomachs, we were careful not to eat too much, stopping whilst we were still hungry.

"Thank God!" said Sir Henry; "that brute has saved our lives. What is it, Quatermain?"

I rose and went to look at the antelope, for I was not certain. It was about the size of a donkey, with large curved horns. I had never seen one like it before, the species was new to me. It was brown, with faint red stripes, and a thick coat. I afterward discovered that the natives of that wonderful country called the species "Inco." It was very rare, and only found at a great altitude where no other game would live. The animal was fairly shot high in the shoulder, though whose bullet it was that brought it down we could not, of course, discover. I believe that Good, mindful of his marvelous shot at the giraffe, secretly set it down to his own prowess, and we did not contradict him.

We had been so busy satisfying our starving stomachs that we had hitherto not found time to look abot us. But now, having set Umbopa to cut off as much of the best meat as we were likely to be able to carry, we began to inspect our surroundings. The mist had now cleared away, for it was eight o'clock, and the sun had sucked it up, so we were able to take in all the country at a glance. I know not how to describe the glorious panorama which unfolded itself to our enraptured gaze. I have never seen anything like it before, nor shall, I suppose, again.

Behind and over us towered Sheba's snowy breasts, and below, some five thousand feet beneath where we stood, lay league on league of the most lovely champaign country. Here were dense patches of lofty forest, there a great river wound its silvery way. To the left stretched a vast expanse of rich undulating veldt or grass land, on which we could just make out countless herds of game or cattle—at that distance we could not tell which. This expanse appeared to be ringed in by a wall of distant mountains. To the right the country was more or less mountainous, that is, solitary hills stood up from its level, with stretches of cultivated lands between, amongst which we could distinctly see groups of dome shaped huts. The landscape lay before us like a map in srvers flashed like silver snakes, and Ailplike peaks crowned with wildly twisted snow-wreaths rose in solemn grandeur, whilst over all was the glad sunlight and the wide breath of Nature's happy life.

Two curious things struck us as we gazed. First, that the country before us must lie at least five thousand feet higher than the desert we crossed, and secondly, that all the rivers flowed from south to north. As we had a painful reason to know, there was no water at all on the southern side of the vast range on which we stood, but on the northern side were many streams, most of which appeared to unite with the great river we could trace winding away further than we could follow it.

We sat down for a while and gazed in silence at this wonderful view. Presently Sir Henry spoke.

"Isn't there something on the map about Solomon's Great Road?" he said.

I nodded, my eyes still looking out over the far country.

"Well, look; there it is!" and he pointed a little to our right.

Good and I looked accordingly, and there, winding away toward the plain, was what appeared to be a wide turnpike road. We had not seen it at first because it, on reaching the plain, turned behind some broken country. We did not say anything, at least not much; we were beginning to lose the sense of wonder. Somehow it did not seem particularly unnatural that we should find a sort of Roman road in this strange land. We accepted the fact, that was all.

"Well," said Good, "it must be quite near us if we cut off to the right. Hadn't we better be making a start?"

This was sound advice, and so soon as we had washed our faces and hands in the stream, we acted on it. For a mile or so we made our way over bowlders and across patches of snow, till suddenly, on reaching the top of the little rise, there lay the road at our feet. It was a splendid road cut out of the solid rock, at least fifty feet wide, and apparently well kept; but the odd thing about it was that it seemed to begin there. We walked down and stood on it, but one single hundred paces behind us, in the direction of Sheba's breasts it vanished, the whole surface of the mountain being strewn with bowlders interpersed with patches of snow.

"What do you make of that, Quatermain?" asked Sir Henry. I shook my head, I could make nothing of it.

"I have it!" said Good; "the road no doubt ran right over the range and across the desert the other side, but the sand of the desert has covered it up, and above us it has been obliterated by some volcanic eruption of molten lava."

This seemed a good suggestion; at any rate, we accepted it, and proceeded down the mountain. It was a different business traveling along down hill on that magnificent pathway with full stomachs to what it had been traveling uphill over the snow quite starved and almost frozen. Indeed, had it not been for melancholy recollections of poor Ventvogel's sad fate, and of that grim cave where he kept company with old Don, we should have been positively cheerful, notwithstanding the sense of unknown dangers before us. Every mile we walked the atmosphere grew softer and balmier, and the country before us shone with yet more luminous beauty. As for the road itself, I never saw such an engineering work, though Sir Henry said that the great road over the St. Gothard in Switzerland was very like it. No difficulty had been too great for the Old World engineer who designed it. At one place we came to a great ravine three hundred feet broad and at least a hundred deep. This vast gulf was actually filled in, apparently with huge blocks of dressed stone, with arches pierced at the bottom for a water-way, over which the road went sublimely on. At another place it was cut in zigzags out of the side of a precipice five hundred feet deep, and in the third it tunneled right through the base of an intervening ridge of space of thirty yards or more.

Here we noticed that the sides of the tunnel were covered with quaint sculptures mostly of mailed figures driving in chariots. One, which was exceedingly beautiful, presented a whole battle scene with a convoy of captives being marched off in the distance.

"Well," said Sir Henry, after inspecting this ancient work of art, "it is very well to call this Solomon's Road, but my humble opinion is that the Egyptians have been here before Solomon's people ever set a foot on it. If that isn't Egyptian handiwork, all I have to say is it is very like it."

By midday we had advanced sufficiently far down the mountain to reach the region where wood was to be met with. First we came to scattered bushes which grew more and more frequent, till at last we found the road winding through a vast grove of silver trees similar to those which are to be seen on the slopes of Table Mountain at Cape Town. I had never before met with them in all my wanderings, except at the Cape, and their appearance here astonished me greatly.

"Ah!" said Good, surveying these shining-leaved trees with evident enthusiasm, "here is lots of wood, let us stop and cook some dinner; I have about digested that raw meat."

Nobody objected to this, so leaving the road we made our way to a stream which was babbling away not far off, and soon had a goodly fire of dry boughs blazing. Cutting off some substantial hunks from the flesh of the inco which we had brought with us, we proceeded to toast them on the end of sharp sticks, as one sees the Kafirs do, and eat them with relish. After filling ourselves, we lit our pipes and gave ourselves up to enjoyment, which, compared to the hardships we had recently undergone, seemed almost heavenly.

The brook, of which the banks were clothed with dense masses of a gigantic species of maiden-hair fern interspersed with feathery tufts of wild asparagus, babbled away merrily at our side, the soft air murmured through the leaves of the silver trees, doves cooed around, and bright-winged birds flashed like living gems from bough to bough. It was like Paradise.

The magic of the place, combined with the overwhelming sense of dangers left behind, and of the promised land reached at last, seemed to charm us into silence. Sir Henry and Umbopa sat conversing in a mixture of broken English and Kitchin Zulu in a low voice, but earnestly enough, and I lay, with my eyes half shut, upon that bed of fern and watched them. Presently I missed Good, and looked to see what had become of him. As I did so I observed him sitting by the bank of the stream, in which he had been bathing. He had nothing on but his flannel shirt, and his natural habits of extreme neatness having reasserted themselves, he was actively employed in making a most elaborate toilet. He had washed his gutta-percha collar, thoroughly shaken out his trousers, coat and waistcoat, and was now folding them up neatly till he was ready to put them on, shaking his head sadly as he did so over the numerous rents and tears in them, which had naturally resulted from our frightful journey. Then he took his boots, scrubbed them with a handful of fern, and finally rubbed them over with a piece of fat, which he had carefully saved from the inco meat, till they looked, comparatively speaking, respectable. Having inspected them judiciously through his eyeglass, he put them on and began a fresh operation. From a little bag he carried he produced a pocket comb in which was fixed a tiny looking glass, and in this he surveyed himself. Apparently he was not satisfied, for he proceeded to do his hair with great care. Then came a pause whilst he again contemplated the effect; still it was not satisfactory. He felt his chin, on which was now the accumulated scrub of a ten day's beard. "Surely," thought I, "he is not going to try and shave." But so it was. Taking the piece of fat with which he had greased his boots he washed it carefully in the stream. Then diving again into the bag he brought out a little pocket razor with a guard to it, such as are sold to people afraid of cutting themselves, or to those about to undertake a sea voyage. Then he vigorously scrubbed his face and chin with the fat and began. But it was evidently a painful process, for he groaned very much over it, and I was convulsed with inward laughter as I watched him struggling with that stubbly beard. It seemed so very odd that a man should take the trouble to shave himself with a piece of fat in such a place and under such circumstances. At last he succeeded in getting the worst of the scrub off the right side of his face and chin, when suddenly I, who was watching, became aware of a flash of light that passed just by his head.

Good sprung up with a profane exclamation (if it had not been a safety razor he would certainly have cut his throat), and so did I, without the exclamation, and this was what I saw. Standing there, not more than twenty paces from where I was, and ten from Good, were a group of men. They were very tall and copper colored, and some of them wore great plumes of black feathers and short cloaks of leopard skins; this was all I noticed at the moment. In front of them stood a youth of a out seventeen, his hand still raised and his body bent forward in the attitude of a Grecian statue of a spear thrower. Evidently the flash of light had been a weapon, and he had thrown.

As I looked an old soldier-like looking, man stepped forward out of the group, and catching the youth by the arm said something to him. They then advanced upon us.

Sir Henry, Good and Umbopa had by this time seized their rifles and lifted them threateningly. The party of natives still came on. It struck me that they could not know what rifles were, or they would not have treated them with such contempt.

"Put down your guns!" I halloed to the others, seeing that our only chance of safety lay in conciliation. They obeyed, and walking to the front I addressed the elderly man who had checked the youth.

"Greeting," I said, in Zulu, not knowing what language to use. To my surprise I was understood.

"Greeting," answered the man, not, indeed, in the same tongue, but in a dialect so closely allied to it that neither Umbopa or myself had any difficulty in understanding it. Indeed, as we afterward found out, the language spoken by this people was an old-fashioned form of the Zulu tongue, bearing about the same relationship to it that the English of Chaucer does to the English of the nineteenth century.

"Whence come ye?" he went on, "what are you? and why are the faces of three of ye white, and the face of the fourth as the face of our mother's sons?" and he pointed to Umbopa. I looked at Umbopa as he said it, and it flashed across me that he was right. Umbopa was like the faces of the men before me, so was his great form. But I had not time to reflect on this coincidence.

"We are strangers, and come in peace," I answered, speaking very slow, so that he might understand me, "and this man is our servant."

"Ye lie," he answered; "no strangers can cross the mountains, where all things die. But what do your lies matter? If ye are strangers then ye must die, for no strangers may live in the land of the Kukuanas. It is the king's law. Prepare, then, to die, oh strangers!"

I was slightly staggered at this, more especially as I saw the hands of some of the party of men steal down to their sides, where hung on each what looked to me like a large and heavy knife.

"What does that beggar say?" asked Good.

"He says we are going to be scragged," I answered, grimly.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Good; and, as was his way when perplexed, put his hand to his false teeth, dragging the top set down and allowing them to fly back to his jaw with a snap. It was a most fortunate move, for the next second the dignified crowd of Kukuanas gave a simultaneous yell of horror, and bolted back some yards.

"What's up?" said I.

"It's his teeth," whispered Sir Henry, excitedly. "He moved them. Take them out, Good, take them out!"

He obeyed, slipping the set into the sleeve of his flannel shirt.

In another second curiosity had overcome fear, and the men advanced slowly. Apparently they had now forgotten their amiable intentions of doing for us.

"How is it, oh strangers," asked the old man, solemnly, "that the teeth of the man (pointing to Good, who had nothing on but a flannel shirt, and had only half finished his shaving) whose body is clothed, and whose legs are bare who grows hair on one side of his sickly face and not on the other, and who has one shining and transparent eye, and teeth that move of themselves, coming away from his jaws and returning of their own will?"

"Open your mouth," I said to Good, who promptly curled up his lips and grinned at the old gentleman like an angry dog, revealing to their astonished gaze two thin red lines of gum as utterly innocent of ivories as a new-born elephant. His audience gasped.

"Where are his teeth?" they shouted; "with our eyes we saw them."

Turning his head slowly, and with a gesture of ineffable contempt, Good swept his hand across his mouth. Then he grinned again, and lo! there were two rows of lovely teeth.

The young man who had flung the knife threw himself down on the grass and gave vent to a prolonged howl of terror; and as for the old gentleman, his knees knocked together with fear.

Continued next week.

The Ohio man who received the White Caps with a loaded shotgun has begun a reform in the White Cap business, which vigorously followed up, will be a sure success.—Buffalo Courier.

AWFUL BUTCHERY IN HAYTI.

Three Hundred of Legitime's Soldiers Surrounded and Shot down Like Dogs.

News of the most exciting conflict yet waged in the Haytian rebellion came to hand on the 7th by the steamer Harold, which arrived at New York from the blockaded northern ports of St. Marc and Port-de-Paix. A horrible scene was witnessed the 27th of January at the little seaport town of Grandseleine, about twenty-five miles from St. Marc, where a detachment of Legitime's army was completely annihilated. It was about half past 7 in the morning of the 24th, when the distant booming of heavy guns was heard to the northward. General Montpoint, General Hippolyte's Secretary of War and of the Navy, was in command at St. Marc. He had only 300 troops at hand, but there was a general call to arms, and every man in the town capable of bearing arms was required to respond at once. In scarcely more than an hour the army was in motion. With the civilian volunteers it numbered about 500. The troops set out at once for Grandseleine, expecting to join forces with about 2 0 troops which were known to be at Gonaives, and some 200 more scattered at interior points. The troops arrived at Grandseleine on the following morning. They advanced cautiously and camped under the shelter of a tropical forest. The soldiers from St. Marc had met those from Gonaives and the interior meantime. The bombardment had continued from the gunboats in the harbor and the whole town had been completely destroyed and laid in ruins. About three hundred soldiers had been sent ashore to hold possession of the town after the shells of the gunboats had reduced it to ruins. Many of the inhabitants of the town had been killed and wounded in the attack, but most of the people had fled to the woods when the bombardment began.

After having put the troops ashore the naval vessel steamed away from Grandseleine, thus leaving the landing party without means of retreat and entirely dependent upon their own resources to hold the town. With a force outnumbering the Legitime troops two to to one, Hippolyte's men quietly surounded the town, still remaining concealed until the invaders should feel comparatively secure at the apparant absence of any foe. Then the soldiers of the North poured into Grandseleine from all sides. No quarter was shown. The Legitimists scattered and fled, but they were pursued and shot down like rats. Not one was spared. Nothing was left to mark the site of the little town but smoldering ruins and heaps of dead and dying.

Meantime, the men-of-war had proceeded to Gonaives. They shelled the town, but did not do very much damage. The men-of-war arrived off St. Marc on the morning of the 26th. At 11 a. m the Touissaint l'Ouverture opened fire on the town. The British steamer Harold was in the harbor, and several foreigners, the consuls and some women and children sought refuge on board of her, under the protection of the British flag. Many buildings were destroyed, two men were killed, a dozen men, women and children were mortally wounded, and many others were more or less injured. Toward nightfall the gunboats withdrew.

On the 27th inst. the Toussaint l'Ouverture suddenly paid St. Marc another visit, and fired about twenty steel shells into the town. Not much damage was done to property and no lives were lost. Fort Diamant returned the fire and managed to drop some shells so close to the gun-boat that she gave up the fight and sailed away. There was an engagement on the 2 th at a town in the interior called Hishie. About eight hundred men were engaged on both sides. The Northern army came off victorious, capturing eighteen prisoners. Fifteen of these prisoners were shot immediately, and the remaining three were sent back to St. Marck to be put on the rack and otherwise tortured until they give information as to the movements of Legitime's troops. Then they too will be mercifully shot to end their agonies.

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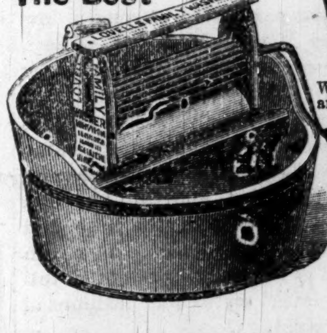

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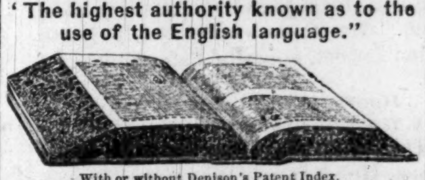

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NORTHERN WHITE MAN (*to Southerner*)—The Negro is an American citizen. and, as such, should have every privilege and chance and all the rights accorded to other citizens. He should have the free and untrammeled use of the elective franchise. In short he should have a white man's chance.

SOUTHERN WHITE MAN—Yes, you people in the North make a great howl about the rights, etc., of the Negro in the South. Why don't you give him a white man's chance in the North? Why don't you employ him in your factories and trades union? Why don't you admit him to your theatres and restaurants? In short, why are the doors of your industries closed against him?

NOTE—The fact is, discriminations against colored people are as rank North as South. The Negro can vote in the North, but has the doors of the industr.es and business houses closed against him, while in the South he can't always vote, but he can get all the work he can do.

LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. Lawrence Newby is with us once more.

Mr. Geo. Reeder came in from Iowa last week.

The revivals after a bountiful harvest of souls are about over.

Rev. H. H. Thompson spent last week in Vincennes on church business.

The Harrison Literary Society has began to hold regular meetings again.

Miss Mary Julia Pierce who has been teaching school at Bethel, Ky., is home once more.

The young ladies of the west end have organized a social society, the name of which we have not learned.

Rev. D. P. Roberts and J. W. Weaver, of Richmond, were in the city last week and called upon the State Legislature.

Mrs. Mary F. Lindsey, of Marshal, Iowa, after an extended visit with Mrs, G. W. Cheatham, returned home last week.

The Lorsis, the young married people, social club, met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cooper, and a permanent organization was effected. Officers: Mrs. F. M. Bazel, President, Mrs. R. W. Thompson, Secretary.

Mr. Peter Wickliff, who has had charge of the Bates House toilet room for twenty-four years, has leased room 5 in the Cyclorama building, where he has a fine gentlemens' toilet room, and in addition he has put in a barber chair where gentlemen can get a good shave and one of Wickliff's patent leather shtnes. We are pround that Mr. Wickliff has gone into business for himself and we urge upon our friends to give him their patronage.

Some Witty Toasts.

Good after dinner speakers are among the most popular of men among people who cultivate the art of dining. The flashes of wit which draw forth roars of laughter and applause are unpremeditated, but probably they are more frequently thought out and rehearsed in advance. Impromptu or not, we all like a witty speech and a witty toast. Chamber's Journal has collected some witty and amusing toasts given at banquets, and in reading them, one can only sigh, "Would I had been there!"

A rather cynical toast ran thus: "Women—she requires no eulogy she speaks for herself."

A gallant young man, under the same festal circumstances, referred to one member of the sex he eulogized as "delectable dear, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and treacle stand appalled."

At the marriage supper of a deaf and dumb couple, one guest in the speech of the evening, wished them "unspeakable bliss."

A writer of comedies was given a banquet in honor of his latest work at which a jovial guest gave the toast: "The author's very good health! May he live to be as old as his jokes."

Another gathering were toasted, "The bench and the bar: If it were not for the bar there would be little use for the bench."

As pithy was the following toast, proposed at a shoemakers' dinner: "May we have all the women in the country to shoe, and all the men to boot."

Remarkable Effects of a Blizzard.

Helena Herald.

A rather strange affliction happened to a Minnesota couple who were sleigh riding. The young man's right ear and the young lady's left ear were frosted, while the other two were not cold at all. Why all four ears were not frosted is a problem which has been submitted to the high school class in physiology.

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Hoofs Enough and to Spare.

N. Y. World.

The upper portion of Washington street, Hoboken, was the scene of unusual commotion yesterday afternoon over a span of horses that were being driven rapidly through the street. One of the horses was black, short and chunky, and its mate was a larger horse of a dark sorrel color, and almost perfect in symmetry The strange part of the team was the fact that botn horses had eight feet.

They were hitched to a double-seated light wagon and were driven by a nattily dressed colored man. An army of small boys followed pell mell behind, and men, women and children flocked on the sidewalks to see them pass. Just above the fetlocks of the horses, and on the inside of the leg, grew a distinct portion of a leg on which was a hoof, perfect in shape. It was slightly smaller than the hoof on which the greater portion of their weight rested, but although it was not shod it was worn smooth with coming in contact with the ground. The horses are owned by Herman Reiche of No. 95 Park Row, and are said to be the only animals of the kind in the world They are very gentle.

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